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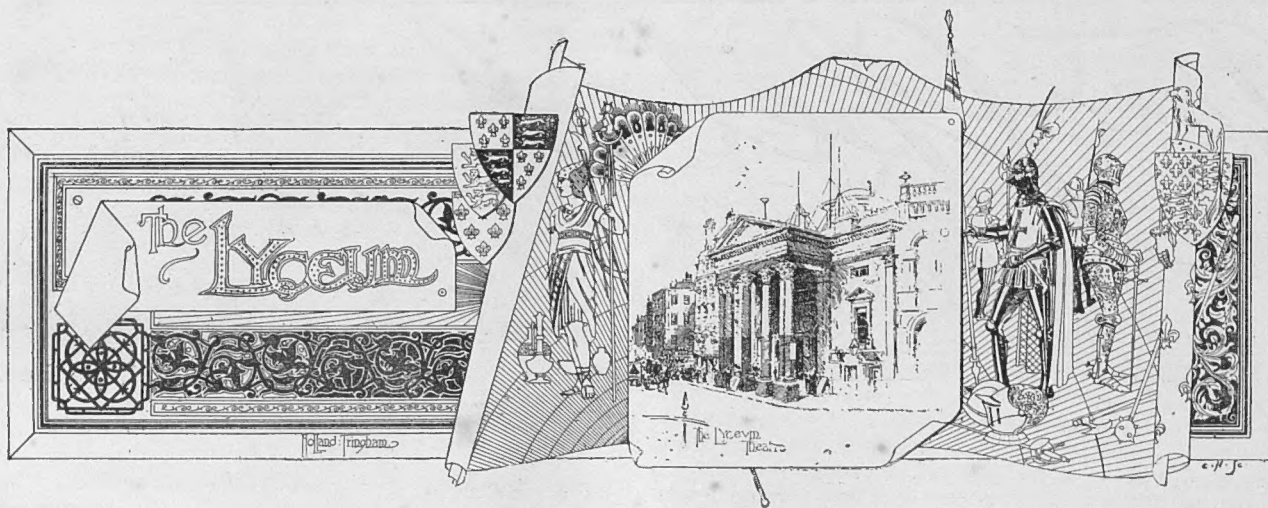
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MISS HELEN LEE AS THE SPIRIT OF PANTOMIME, AT DRURY LANE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.





### "MICHAEL AND HIS LOST ANGEL."

The Rev. Michael Feversham came down from the altar after the superb procession had entered the choir. He was still clad in the full insignia of his priestly office of Vicar of the Minster Church of Cleveddon. The congregation were wondering what was about to take place, and horrified by the expression of suffering on the countenance of their beloved pastor. Very quickly he set at rest all doubt, all wonder, all speculation. In a few phrases he told them that now, by his unworthy means, the splendid church had been restored to its ancient grandeur, he felt it his duty to abstain from taking his place in the ceremony of reconsecration, for he was no longer worthy to guide their footsteps, since his own had strayed into deadly sin and deception; and, consequently, it was his duty to leave them, and yet he begged their prayers for the peace of his soul. Then, of his own accord, he stripped himself of the marks of his post and fled the building the achievement of which, for many years, had been the hope and longing of his life.

It can hardly be pretended that Michael, in his penance of confession, had overpaid the penalty of his crime; for, to tell the truth, while he was, perhaps, unlucky to have sinned somewhat more than he expected, nothing approaching an excuse can be found for his conduct. His mother had vowed him as Hannah vowed the infant Samuel, and he had accepted the position and in his turn made vows of celibacy—vows, perhaps, which are not altogether in sympathy with the views of the Church which he represented. Consequently, when he found that the bright eyes of Audrie Lesden were making way in his heart, his obvious duty was to flee from temptation. No doubt he made some struggle to avoid the influence which threatened to be fatal; but certainly his efforts to resist temptation were too slight for him to deserve success. Audrie, the wealthy Australian woman who, in consequence of the failure of her married life, had pensioned off her husband and posed as a widow, seemed to have no scruples in the matter. A simple sense of fair play caused her to warn the unlucky parson that her society was dangerous for him; but after giving him "law," she set to work to hunt down her game in the most sportsmanlike way.

The poor parson fled for refuge to his little island of St. Decuman, whither he prayed she might not follow, and where he hoped to meet her. His hope was gratified, his prayer denied. She came over to the little desert island, after making artistic arrangements so that her inability to leave it should seem quite accidental. Michael made a very creditable fight for his virtue; but possibly, like the heroine of the French story, when he prayed for protection, he also suggested he was anxious not to be protected too successfully. It may be that a member of the celibate clergy cannot find himself alone at night on an island with the woman he loves without proceeding to extremes. This is a point upon which Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is obviously entitled to his opinion. But all will hope, and many think, he is wrong. Certain it is that the Reverend Michael behaved as badly as possible under the circumstances.

The result of this kind of conduct is that one very quickly finds that, in order to protect the honour of the lady, one has to lie like a policeman in the witness-box. But a few days before his escapade, Michael had caused a pretty parishioner to expiate the weakness of her virtue and the falsehood to which it led by public confession in the Minster. Naturally, it was very painful for him to find himself in the same plight as Rose Gibbard. However, one horrible circumstance made a man of him. Mrs. Lesden had posed as a widow, but it became necessary for her to reveal the fact to Michael that her husband still was alive, and that, consequently, their sin was a breach of the Seventh Commandment.

Michael's sin was grave, and his repentance sincere. After his confession in open church he left England, and wandered in search of peace for his soul; but he wandered vainly, for his guilty love refused to die out of his heart. In despair, he turned to another Church, lured by the promise of his uncle, a Catholic priest, to give him a deeper peace than the Protestant Church could bestow. Audrie, fatally struck by consumption, followed her priestly lover to the monastery, and had the happiness of dying in his arms, and the joy of knowing that he still

loved her. And, after this, the erring Michael became a humble, earnest worker in the immense vineyard of the Church of Rome.

It is an interesting, daring piece, admirable in dialogue, and fine in study of character; unfortunately, however, it is fatally marred by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's needless insistence on the physical side of his question. It would have been sufficient for Michael to have loved and longed for a married woman, and lied on her behalf; to go further was needless, clumsy, even gross of the author. The acting is admirable, Miss Marion Terry being exquisite as Audrie, and Mr. Forbes Robertson perfect as Michael, while praise is due to Mr. Ian Robertson and Miss Sarah Brooké. The mounting is magnificent.

### NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

I trust that the custom will not be established of ladies appearing on the stage at the fall of the curtain on their plays. For when the authoress of "Gaffer Jarge" presented herself in front of the footlights, I felt the critic oozing out of me. It is easy to deal critically with a work by an Alicia who may be elderly or a frump, but "what price truth"—as the gallery would say—when the Alicia shows that she is young and pretty? However, I must act the Brutus, and even brute, borrowing Shakspeare's appalling pun. "Gaffer Jarge" shows that its parent has aptitude for stage-writing, and also suggests that she is not quite on the right road. The trumpery business of Christmas-trees and carols, and obvious pathos of children's prayers, dragged in to give a sentimental surrounding to a pathetic picture, is really irritating: it seems to involve a confession of failure. It is the play and not the period of the year which should interest the house.

That "Gaffer Jarge" should go wrong in its legal bearings does not surprise me, for I have noticed that women, as a rule, will not verify even quotations—will, in fact, "make a shot" somewhat recklessly. It is a pity, however, that young dramatists do not make inquiries. Certainly the play shows a skill in finding the exact words for a situation, and also a power of suggesting character, that may pardon its cultivation of the obvious and its unreasonable length. I am forced to think that the chief character is poorly drawn, since Mr. Cyril Maude, though admirable in some parts of it, was unsuccessful in the rest; yet his acting appeared to be as able as ever. Miss Alice Mansfield was very clever and very funny, and Miss Jessica Black, a child-actress, displayed astounding gifts.

One is beginning to sigh for Mr. Pigott, who, so I believe, would have set his face against the mixture of Empire ballet and Exeter Hall, which is now drawing crowds to the Lyric Theatre, against the needless child's prayer and Bible business at the Comedy, and the patriotic song at Daly's Theatre. It is comic as well as irritating, and even in some measure dangerous, to have the doggerel stanzas of Mr. Henry Hamilton sung by Mr. Hayden Coffin, whose voice is not big enough, and accompanied by quaint, florid gestures to stir up the feelings of those members of the house likely to be taken by such a catch-penny affair. It is, however, important at the present that we should act on the old phrase, "Keep your head cool," and not have a small Union Jack waved in the pit in reply to offensive remarks about the Germans and Boers. It is not unlikely that the kind of patriotism so excited has been rampant in Johannesburg lately, with results that we know too well. Probably neither writer nor composer will suggest that "Hands Off" has any artistic value. I might add that the latest Daisy, Miss Decima Moore, is charming, and that Miss Juliette Nesville easily surpasses her predecessors. Really someone should control the buffooneries of Mr. Harry Monkhouse; they seem out of place, even in such a book as Mr. "Owen Hall's."

### THE LOVE TEST.

"You love another, Jack."

"How can you talk that way, dearest? I've kissed you thirty times in the last two minutes."

"But if you loved me you wouldn't keep count."—*Life*.



## BALLET-GIRLS AND THEIR ADMIRERS.

The correspondence with which the most charming ladies of the ballet are inundated is very funny reading. Quite recently I asked one of the representatives of the leading house in the Metropolis to show me her collection. I was allowed to see it after promising to mention no names. The letters were, for the most part, simple and ingenuous. I quote a sample from memory, only altering the recipient's name—

DEAR MISS DOLLY,—I have long admired you from the front of the house, and have vainly sought an introduction through some mutual friend. Failing in my endeavour, I am compelled to take this course to make your acquaintance. I will be at the stage-door to-night at a quarter to twelve, when I shall be delighted if you will come to supper with me. Trusting that you will excuse the liberty I have taken, I remain, yours devotedly,

A. JUGGINS.

This is a very fair sample of the bulk of the letters, and the inevitable invitation to supper seems to give this particular lady offence. "Why will men always imagine that we are hungry?" she asked me indignantly. "If they must write to someone they don't know, it would be more reasonable to ask us to go to a *matinée* at a theatre, or to a concert or exhibition. It is very offensive to receive a letter with the usual apologies and the usual supper-invitation. Girls are not always hungry, as men are."

"These letters suffer from sameness," I said, when I recovered; and the protest produced the funniest epistle it has been my luck to see for a long time. Needless to say, it was from a foreigner, whose admiration had outrun his discretion and his dictionary. His devotion was so frenzied that, when the lady declined to have anything to do with him, he threatened to shoot her, and then departed to the Fatherland. Here is the letter *in extenso*, with punctuation and general arrangement as in the original—

DOLLY.

You know that I like you very much.

I believe that you like me not.

You cannot conceive an affection for me.

I have feel that last night.

The love come not in time! oh,—no, it cannot come! I see—I love,

I see the girl and—I love it; I must like it—

Not so with you! I believe it!

Do I be right?—Yes or no?

I beg you to give me an answer after the performance! but tell me the truth, the verity! I am ready for all what I shall hear. If ever you like me not, I shall like you constantly; I shall remember of you ever with joy.—Ever yours, \* \* \*

The fact of their amorous idiocies being so carefully preserved should really give the rising generation pause. It is undeniable that the stage gives a tremendous additional charm to a performer, and in an atmosphere of bright light and gorgeous colouring a very ordinary-looking girl will appear beautiful. I yield to no one in my admiration for the ladies of the ballet, but for the life of me I couldn't write loving letters to them or wait to see them outside the stage-door. I, on reaching years of discretion, found out some particular fairy whose attractions, enhanced by the glamour of the stage, seemed too delightful for aught but silent and distant reverence. Then, by carefully avoiding anything more than an acquaintance separated by the intervening orchestra, it became possible for the lady to play the part of Dulcinea to my own Don Quixote. I had the advantage of the valorous Knight of La Mancha, for, while he imagined his *inamorata* and her surroundings, mine were almost real. My fairy lived and laughed and danced in fairyland, from whose realm she would sometimes send me the greeting of a smile. I knew her only in those territories that are bounded by back-cloth, footlights, and wings. Had I written foolish letters, or hung round the stage-door, or tempted my Dulcinea with suppers and trinkets, she would have lost all the romance, and been like the other daughters of Eve.

For the profane admirers of the fairies who are unacquainted with any classics outside the halls, I would recommend the refrain of a song once very popular, called "Don't, brethren, don't." For the "culchawed," I would venture to string some verses together, on the lines of "The Dispute of the Heart and Body of François Villon," which poem was done into beautiful English by Mr. Swinburne. With apologies wherever they may be due, I will call my verses

## THE DISPUTE OF THE HEART AND BODY OF A BOUNDER.

Why do you flush with passion, and ofttimes try  
To catch the shifting glance of you dancer's eye?  
False are her smile, her colour, her shape, her hair.  
Oh, it's all very well to preach, but I do not care.

Lo! you will do as so many have done before,  
You will join the loose-tiled crowd round the dark stage-door,  
Yet the girl's charms are best 'neath the limelight's glare.  
That's nothing to do with you, and I do not care.

Poor stage-struck fool! you are not the only one  
Who will wait for the dancing-girl when her work is done.  
Do you think your eyes are the first that have found her fair?  
Well, I'm willing to take my chance, and I do not care.

If you ask her to supper, this fairy you do not know,  
It's a very long odds on chance that the girl won't go;  
To encounter a snub direct you would scarcely dare;  
I've only myself to please, and I do not care.

Perchance she's engaged, or married, or has a Pa  
Who wears thick boots, and is very particular;  
Will he stand still and let you your love declare?  
Nor lover, nor husband, nor father can make me care.

How will you bear the gibes and the sneers that sting  
When the wrath that consumes his heart is a bitter thing?  
Perchance you will live to wish you had been elsewhere.  
Well, I'm going to trust to luck, and I do not care.

B.

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Such a merciful warning contrasts strongly with the bloodthirsty character of the following announcement: "Notice is hereby given that the Marquis of Camden (on account of the backwardness of the harvest) will not shoot himself nor any of his tenants till the 14th of September." A certain sign-post—we should think on some Irish road—once bore, in addition to the usual directions about the way, the kindly advice: "Persons who cannot read had better ask at the blacksmith's shop." This is not unlike the useful warning inscribed on a stone on the edge of a small river in Cavan: "When this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river."

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	A.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.
Victoria .. .. .	dep. 10 0	8 50	Paris .. .. .	dep. 10 0	9 0
London Bridge .. ..	" 10 0	9 0		P.M.	A.M.
		P.M.	London Bridge .. ..	arr. 7 0	7 40
Paris .. .. .	arr. 7 0	8 0	Victoria .. .. .	" 7 0	7 50

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BRIGHTON AND PARIS.—In connection with the Day Express Service, a Special Train leaves Brighton 10.30 a.m. for Newhaven Harbour, returning at 5.20 p.m.

FOR full particulars see Time Books and Handbills, to be obtained at the Stations and at the following Branch Offices, where tickets may also be obtained:—West-End Offices, 28, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; City Offices, 6, Arthur Street East, and Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.  
(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.



## LITTLE PANTOMIMISTS.

One of the features of the pantomime of "Cinderella" at "the Lane" is the duet of dance and song by the clever little sisters Lulu and Valli Valli, called "Dolly's Mistake," a *pas de deux* they execute when released from the wonderful trayful of toys brought on to the stage by Santa Claus. These clever little people, who are eight and seven years of age respectively, are nieces of and have been entirely trained by Mrs. Joseph Watson.

Little Valli, the babe of the raven locks, the younger of the two, was the first in the family to develop dramatic and musical talents, gifts which have been carefully nurtured by her parents, and when Lulu developed a voice the children at once began their now very popular entertainments. They come of German and English parentage, with some little strain of French, and, having lived abroad the greater part of their little lives, they speak French and German as well as they now do English, and the accent with which they chant their piquant little French chanson is truly delightful.

When little Valli first became a tiny professional, two years ago, a name was wanted for her, and she herself asked that her sobriquet should be "after Uncle Wally," the German for Walter, her childish accent evolving what will probably be the name of some of the most famous artists of their day. Still, in the "Valli" family baby language is at a discount, and never encouraged, for the youngest members, children of three, speak with the greatest distinctness, and surely their wonderfully clear enunciation is one of the charms of "The Two Dolls," for every word of their quaint little duet can be heard in the remotest corner of old Drury Lane. Lulu was born in London, and

Valli in Berlin, and little Valli first became famous in drawing-rooms, when, very soon after her third birthday, she began to sing "The Man who broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" and "The Owl and the Pussy Cat," having to be placed on the piano in order that she might see and be seen. She sings with equal appreciation and correctness all Mrs. Watson's most popular songs, as well as almost all those made famous by Miss Letty Lind, and "What's a Poor Girl to do?" (Miss Yohé's favourite ditty in "The Lady Slavey"); and, as another "turn" in "Cinderella,"

this tiny mite sings "La Petite Parisienne," with its attendant characteristic dance. Little Valli was to have been the child to create the rôle in Emil Bach's opera, "The Lady of Longford," when it was produced at Covent Garden, but as she was then much under seven a licence from a magistrate could not be obtained, and she was obliged to give way to little Evelyn Hughes, another of Mrs. Watson's pupils; the same reason preventing her from playing in Mr. Chance Newton's "House that Jack Built," at the Opéra Comique, but in the latter Lulu appeared with the

greatest success as Miss Truth. Some of little Valli's greatest hits have been in her aunt's compositions with a French refrain, most of which have been especially written for Mr. Maurice Farkoa; and both children have only recently returned from a tour through Germany and Holland with "Morocco Bound," and their duet, "Not in any hurry," with a Japanese dance, everywhere created quite a furore. Their memories are marvellous, and, young as they both are, they have most distinct personalities, yet their little heads are not the least turned, and there is not a grain of conceit in the very evident and innocent pleasure they both take in their own clever and unique performances.



LULU AND VALLI VALLI.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANA, STRAND.



## THE BOERS—PAST AND PRESENT.

It is extremely interesting, at the present moment, to inquire as to who and what the Boers really are, and whence comes this heroic and stubborn defence of their rights which has exalted these South African agriculturists in the eyes of the world.

After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV., numbers of Huguenots in 1688 left France, and settled in Cape Colony under the



BOER TEAM IN THE MARKET SQUARE, JOHANNESBURG.

Dutch, who then had possession of it, which Government at that time denied the very privileges to the Huguenots that their descendants and those of the Dutch have until recently denied the Johannesburgers, which has led to this unfortunate revolt against the Government of the Transvaal, as in the eighteenth century it led to the French exodus from Cape Colony.

Two centuries ago, when the Huguenots in Cape Colony presented a petition to the Governor for electoral rights, Van der Stell was enraged, and dismissed them with a severe reprimand, "to restrain their French impertinences," which had a parallel in Pretoria lately, when some reasonable appeal for representation by the Uitlander was "received with jeers" by the members of the Raadzaal.

In 1709, the use of French in addressing the Government on official matters was publicly forbidden. In 1724, the Church Service in French was permitted for the last time, and, seventy years after the arrival of the Huguenots in South Africa, their children ceased to speak French entirely.

When the settlers could no longer endure the tyranny of the Dutch, they "trekked," or tracked, into the interior, and it is, therefore, quite as likely that the Dutch-speaking Frenchmen are more entitled to be called the owners of the Transvaal than the Dutch themselves—that is, if we



YOUNG BOERS ON THE TRAMP.

consider, as civilised nations do, that the original native has no territorial rights whatsoever.

If the original Huguenots have been deprived of their language, they have not been deprived of their names, and those we find all through South Africa: Du Plessis, Malherbe, Rosseau, Fouché, De Villiers,

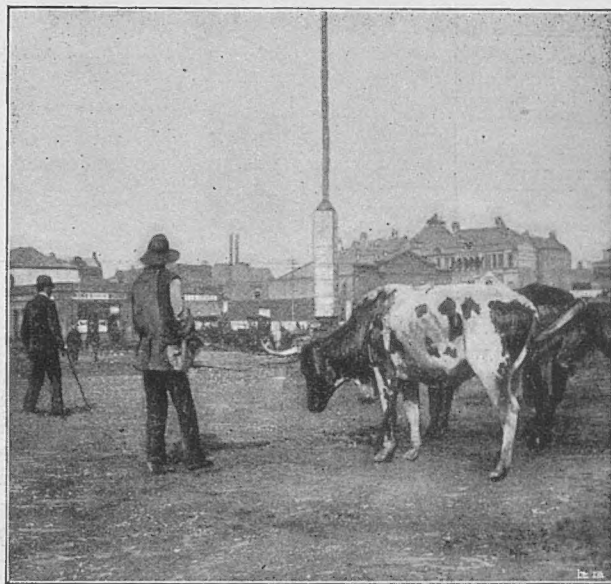
Du Toit, Malan, Marais, Jourdan, Mesnard, Du Pré, Notier, Le Febre, Cordier, Retief, Le Roux, Theron, Hugo, Le Grange, and dozens of others.

What are the names they gave to the homes they established if not French—Normandy, Le Parais, Lamotte, Rhone, Champagne, Languedoc, &c.?

The name of the Commandant-General, Joubert, is French, and he is probably also a descendant of one of those who, in 1688, exiled themselves from France for the sake of their religious liberty. The names of the Boers, de Beer (not *Van Beer*), Du Toitspan, whose farms were despoiled when diamonds were found in Kimberley, are obviously of French origin, so that it would appear that the President of the French Republic has more reason for offering sympathy than the Emperor of Germany.

From personal observation during a two months' stay in Johannesburg, in August and September last, the Boer farmers appeared to me more retiring than aggressive. With their waggons and teams of oxen I have seen them in the Market Square, or taking their produce to the stores, just as the market-gardeners do into London. If they made purchases, they did so at a Boeren Winkel (Boer Stores), or at some of the outlying and cheaper shops. They did not parade the main streets, any more than a Mortlake market-gardener wanders about Piccadilly, though the young Boer would sometimes enjoy the sights of the Market Square.

Opposite the bedroom window at my hotel in Commissioner Street there was a large forage-store, outside which, late every night, the loose horses the Boers grazed on the veldt would assemble and pick up



IN THE MARKET SQUARE.

any corn or green barley that had been left on the ground, until the Boer waggons at early morn would turn them away. It always seemed to me strange that these night mares or horses should know that the food was there and come right into a town to find it, though, after six months without rain, the veldt is not all it might be for grazing purposes, and hunger probably sharpens their faculties.

The picturesque oxen, the laden waggons, I always saw in the bright sunshine, waiting to trade, as I drew up my blind in the morning. At the back of the waggon, which is very long, there is a covered portion, which often contained the Boer's family; and I have sometimes seen pretty fair-haired children playing with dolls or cheap toys, while the giant farmer, with the aid of Kaffir boys, would hurl the sheafs of green barley or other produce into the yard below until his waggon was empty, when he would start away back to his farm. It seemed to me as I watched these transactions that trade was gradually and surely healing the scars that war had made. The Boer farmers, coming in once or twice a week to sell their produce, also appeared to me to be renouncing their habits of seclusion and isolation. Their former argument, true of a past epoch, was that there was no need to grow more than they wanted; but the establishment of food-consuming cities on what was formerly a deserted plain has made the Boer discover that, by working a little harder for others, he can benefit himself, and that by taking his extra produce to the city he can obtain comforts for his home of which in his isolation he never dreamt.

The young Boer begins to wonder why he may not have one of the situations in the Post Office, or other Government appointment, which, by the way, are only given to his countrymen. He may visit a music-hall, or in some way be made to feel that there are other walks and pleasures in life beyond the dull routine of the farm; for this feeling exists in the young Boer whose tastes are not agricultural, as we know it does in the farmers' sons at home by the constant rush to cities from the country; and so the young Boer becomes more progressive than his father, nationalities become fused, and the quarrels of race die out, and we smile at the recollection of them as we do now about those of the Normans and Saxons, or the Dutch of New York and the present inhabitants who are not Knickerbockers. What happened of old



to New Amsterdam must in time happen to Johannesburg, and, let us hope, without violence and bloodshed.

If the Boer does not like being disturbed, he soon discovers that he gains far more than he loses, and certainly those around Johannesburg have a ready sale at good prices for anything they take there, and the privilege, further, of returning with what they find perhaps more useful than coin. Chemists and others who trade and come in daily contact

more power in the Transvaal than they are compelled to, there is some excuse for their hesitation now that we have hemmed them in, and they can no longer trek out of our presence, nor, apparently, are able to pursue their rural occupations in our vicinity without being interrupted; for it is no pleasure to the Boer to have to lay aside his plough, leave his farm and family, and travel miles on the off-chance of being shot, because a metal generally prized can be dug out of a



A BOER ENCAMPMENT.

with the Boers speak well of them; but I have been out with Englishmen across the veldt who, when they came to a Boer farm, would gratuitously dig over the garden, or ornament the tops of the palings with ox-skulls, for a lark, which, by a man like the Boer, who has not a strong sense of the humour of practical joking, is considered insulting.

If the Boers and other foreigners do not love the English, a certain section of our community have to be thanked for it; and though the Boers, who are not advanced politicians, do not willingly allow us

portion of his dominions and men overlook the deplorable consequences of their conduct in attempting by unconstitutional methods to acquire possession of it.

ROBERT GANTHONY.

Mr. Alma-Tadema's birthday falls early in January, and he yearly arranges in honour of the occasion a dinner-party, resembling, in the matter of dresses, sometimes a classical feast, sometimes a mediæval banquet. This year, for instance, it was arranged that all the guests should come in costumes of date prior to the tenth century.



## SMALL TALK.

The Queen is expected to land at Cherbourg on March 9, on her way to Nice. She returns at the end of April, *via* Flushing.

The Empress of Austria arrived at Nice on Wednesday morning, visiting the garden of the hotel at Cimiez where the Queen will stay during her visit to the Riviera.

The Prince of Wales is to visit Brighton on the 16th prox., in connection with the movement for the enlargement of the Sussex County Hospital.

The Prince witnessed the performance of "The Late Mr. Castello," at the Comedy Theatre, on Wednesday evening.

The New York *Nation* was once rash enough to suggest that *The Sketch* was an improper paper. No doubt a more prolonged study of



AS THE NEW YORK "PUCK" SEES US.

"Give it another twist, Grover—we're all with you."

our columns has given the *Nation* that "sweet reasonableness" which at present characterises it in reference to the international crisis. From week to week the *Nation* has had by far the wisest word to say upon the Venezuela question that has been said on either side of the Atlantic. There is a singular knowledge and mastery of the facts running through its articles; needless to say that I feel this more keenly because the *Nation* does not approve of "twisting the lion's tail," after the manner of *Puck's* cartoonist. In reference to a meeting arranged by Mr. Henry George on behalf of peace, it emphasises Mr. George's statement that scarcely anybody in America knew a month ago where British Guiana was—

Richard Cobden [it continues] once said that not one in ten of the fellows of Oxford University, if they had a map of the United States before them, could tell where Chicago was, or come within a thousand miles of it, although 25 per cent. of the inhabitants of Great Britain obtained their food from that place. Now, if Mr. George was right in saying that the average American citizen did not know a month ago where British Guiana is, is it likely that he knew whether the Monroe Doctrine applied to it or not? The question answers itself. Mr. Cleveland must have presumed upon this ignorance when he sent in his threatening message. He assumed that people would take his word for it that the Monroe Doctrine was infringed. This they have done to a very large and dangerous extent.

Sir John Tenniel has given admirable expression to the national sentiment in the *Punch* cartoon which represented Britannia fully armed and calmly watching the oncoming of the threatening storm. This is a better ideal of a resolute patriotism than the blatant twaddle which is sung in music-hall entertainments. The happiest sign of genius in *Punch* has always been this capacity for portraying in impressive symbol the real steadfastness of a great nation.

Few people know the high estimation in which Prince Bismarck holds Mr. Chamberlain. The shrewd ex-Chancellor has always kept himself quite well abreast of British political matters, and, before Mr. Chamberlain had been taken quite seriously by his own countrymen, the maker of modern Germany had realised the power of the then Radical politician. When Mr. Austen Chamberlain was improving his mind by a kind of abridged Grand Tour in the various Continental capitals, both Prince Bismarck and Count Herbert did all they could to make the young man's sojourn in Berlin pleasant and profitable, and those who saw him on his return can testify that the youthful traveller came back filled with admiration for Germany, and all things Germanic; sentiments, however, which he has since in vain tried to inculcate into his father.

Patriotism spontaneous and genuine commands the respect of even those who cannot regard it with admiration, but is apt to disenchant people who regard its commercial mechanism. There has been a stage boom in the sentiments out of which the great Maedermott did so well, and for a brief moment party politics are forgotten, while the man in the street hugs the belief that one jolly Englishman could beat any three people who have not had the privilege of sharing his birthplace and opinions. One or two theatres have been overwhelmed with verses and

music, and many "stars" of the 'alls, given to tights, blonde wigs, and paste jewels, are singing or rehearsing songs in praise of the place they call "Olinglund." Quite the funniest effusion I have seen was one with alternate verses to suit all tastes. The song denounced Messrs. Wilhelm, Krüger, and Cleveland; but there was a modification, or complete negation, in brackets, for use, as the writer ingeniously put it to the intending purchaser, "in case England gets friendly with any of them after you've studied the song." There was likewise an encore verse—anticipating universal peace—in which Germany, America, and the Transvaal are bidden to unite in extending the right hand of friendship. I suggested that, if they did, England would have to give the left hand to one and leave the third out in the cold. I was told, in return for my well-meant criticism, that I was a Little Englander, who would like to see the country's supremacy taken away from her. So do some men argue.

Dagonet is my Sunday solace. I don't know what I should do without his genial humour on a very dull day. But, in his patriotic vein, Dagonet is apt to be rather startling. I learned from him lately that the most striking incident in the recent crisis was the dinner Mr. Chamberlain gave at the Devonshire Club to some of his subordinates in the Colonial Office. This dinner, it seems, was one of the most notable illustrations of the calm, cool courage of English statesmanship. "Nelson never did anything finer," cried Dagonet. Bless me! After this, I expect to hear that Sir Ell-s A-hm-d B-rtl-tt is giving dinners all over the town.

The Lyceum audience tried hard to be interested on the first night of "Michael and his Lost Angel," but one incident showed how hopelessly Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's story of the sickly conscience of a maudlin Ritualistic parson was out of harmony with the healthy paganism of the pit and gallery. When Miss Marion Terry exclaimed, "A little love in this world is worth a dozen paradises hereafter," there was a burst of applause. That was much more significant than all the pathos about the Rev. Michael's soul, and his inaccurate confession in a church, designed by Canon Shuttleworth, to a congregation of overdressed "supers." As Dean Hole thinks "The Sign of the Cross" is a sort of appendix to the Thirty-Nine Articles, what does he say to the popularity of the one really successful line in Mr. Jones's play? Shall we have more letters to the *Guardian* imploring the devout to flock to the Lyric and shun the Lyceum? Or will sturdy Evangelicals point out that the Reverend Michael's *faux pas* is a forcible illustration of what comes of Ritualism? As nothing is too nauseous for sectarian advertisement, I fully expect to find the *Rock* applauding Mr. Jones, but discreetly ignoring the futility of the "dozen paradises."

The first night afforded an interesting spectacle of celebrities at play. Mr. Chamberlain and his family occupied a box with Mr. Jesse Collings, and the Colonial Secretary's entrance was made the occasion for a demonstration which was not confined to the pit and gallery, Mr. Harry Cust being observed on his feet, clapping vigorously. The stalls were bright with people of importance in their day; there were Sir Francis Jeune and Sir George Lewis—the most regular of first-nighters—and there also was Sir Edward Clarke to represent the legal profession. The distinguished journalists were there in full force, and they alone make a very gay party. There were Mr. Clement Scott, Mr. William Archer, Mr. A. B. Walkley, Mr. L. F. Austin, Mr. H. W. Massingham, editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, and Mr. Cust, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to say nothing of Sir Edward Lawson, proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*. Literature had among its representatives Anthony Hope, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, and Mr. Edward Clodd. Among the charming women in the stalls one noted Lady Lewis, Mrs. Henry Norman, Mrs. Bram Stoker, Miss Frances Forbes Robertson, Mrs. W. R. Walkes, Mrs. Ernest Levenson—but why make invidious distinctions among so bright a throng? The Duke of Teck wandered aimlessly about the house during the intervals.

While Johannesburg was trembling with war and the rumours of war, the Christmas-card which I herewith reproduce was on its way to me. Johannesburg is certainly quite up to date in some ways if it lags behind in others.

Among the amateur societies devoted to the cultivation of the histrionic art, few are more persevering and praiseworthy than the little band of quasi-professionals popularly known as the Old Tenisonians—Archbishop Tenison's "old boys." The members of this body of enthusiasts frequently give evidence of their work, and many a deserving charitable institution has benefited thereby. The other night, they gave the first of their series of "Cinderellas" in the Portman Rooms, and it went merrily as a marriage-bell.



A CHRISTMAS-CARD FROM JOHANNESBURG.



The other week I gave some illustrations of the scenery used in the pantomime of "Jack and the Beanstalk," at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. Now I give portraits of Miss Belfrey, who makes a dashing Jack, and of Miss St. Clair, who, as Jill, has made a great hit with a song, "Up came Johnny with his Camera."

I have neither liking for nor belief in journalistic sensations, but they are, perhaps, necessary now and again. Unless some reformation takes place in the treatment of performing animals, I shall be reluctantly compelled to publish certain information that will greatly damage the attractions of such entertainments in the eyes of all humane people. For a long time past I have observed with disgust the methods by which dogs, monkeys, and other animals are trained for the variety stage. The men owning the shows are, for the most part, foreigners, callous by nature and brutal by habit. At first I felt no inclination to take upon myself work that rightly belongs to the S.P.C.A. By so doing, I should please nobody, and offend everybody. Things have at last reached a condition in which it is no longer possible to remain silent. If animals cannot be taught to perform without being tortured, let us find some other and less iniquitous form of entertainment. If the S.P.C.A. would justify its claims upon the public, let its properly qualified officials make an inquiry into the housing and training of performing animals. I am now throwing out a hint. If nothing is done, I shall, in the course of a month or two, take the matter up fully and definitely. Meanwhile, I am ready and willing to give the names of some of the worst offenders to the proper authorities.

I can, and perhaps will, name men whose animals are starved, maimed, and beaten in a manner that would be repugnant to the humanity of a savage. Yet these same men will come on the stage and caress the dumb performers in a manner that suggests kindness and affection. It is not on the stage that barbarity is practised. Most stage-managers are too humane to permit such a thing. Unfortunately, a trainer when at home can keep animals in a cellar and torture them as he pleases without interference. However, I firmly believe that, when the public comes to know some of the things going on, it will refuse to accept animal performances any longer, and this is a consummation devoutly to be wished. We all admire sagacity in a dumb animal, but, I fear, we have come to regard as instinct a series of actions produced by barbarous treatment. Let all concerned look to their methods, for, if compelled to speak, I may relate facts that will make their appearance before a British audience an impossibility.

I hear that the strained feeling between England and America has in no way affected the American tour of "An Artist's Model."

Her many admirers will regret to learn that Miss Letty Lind is suffering from influenza. The fact that Miss Decima Moore has taken

her place is well known and widely paragraphed, but little mention has been made of the fact that for a week little Miss Lydia Flopp took the part of Daisy Vane, and took it very well. When Nina Cadiz went to America, Miss Flopp succeeded her, and made a charming little boy. Now she has added to her laurels by playing the leading part in "An Artist's Model." This is all the more creditable on account of her extreme youth and inexperience. Judging by the rapid progress, Miss Flopp has a big future before her on the lighter stage. She has all the charm of her elder sister, and sometimes reminds me very much of Letty Lind in the days when she first came to the Gaiety. There is a certain daintiness, an unspoken appeal to the audience that never fails to

succeed, a child-like voice, and a curious restrained manner which Letty Lind was, perhaps, the first to bring upon the stage, and which her sister has apparently mastered. Yet it is not a stage trick, for while those who have met Miss Flopp miles away from the footlights must notice the quaint charm I can so much better appreciate than describe, they would not imagine that the little girl, who looks as though school-days were not yet over, has shown herself capable of taking the leading part in a leading London theatre.

On Saturday night next "The Colleen Bawn" will be revived at the Princess's for a month's run, with Agnes Hewitt playing the leading part. "A Span of Life" will follow, and, by that time, the new drama by G. R. Sims and Shirley will be forthcoming. At Christmas-time there will be a pantomime.

There is a rumour that M. Leopold Wenzel will write the next Empire ballet, which will probably see the light in May. Meanwhile, "Faust" has gone to be repaired, and fitted with some of Gounod's music. I expect that we shall see the new version in three or four weeks. Then "Brighton Pier" will be finally withdrawn, and quite time too, I think.

Mr. Augustin Daly's latest adaptation, "The Transit of Leo," did not, on its original production, hold the boards for very many nights, and hence a wag has wickedly called it "The Rapid Transit of Leo," with the emphasis on the "Rapid."

Among recent recruits to the stage is Mrs. de Rohan, whose portrait appears on another page. As an amateur she has already scored successes, and for the last few months studied with Mrs. Billington. Very recently, she gave a musical and dramatic *soirée* at her residence, Pelham Cottage, South Kensington, when she charmed her guests by her rendering of Juliet in the scene with the Nurse, and, by way of contrast, she gave the Quarrel scene from "The School for Scandal." Mrs. de Rohan, though by no means "a penniless lass," is one "of long pedigree."

She was one of the Creykes, a Yorkshire family of great antiquity and distinction, members of which have done doughty deeds for Sovereign and country by flood and field, having filled important posts in every branch of the service, including diplomacy and the Church.



MISS ST. CLAIR IN "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK," AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.



Mr. Waller and Mr. Morell to-morrow establish a record in *matinées*, and, at the same time, in railway travelling. They purpose to take the entire company now playing "A Woman's Reason" at the Shaftesbury Theatre, to perform that play in Manchester at one o'clock in the afternoon, whence they will return in time to appear as usual at night in London. Some two years ago, Mr. Tree, for whom Mr. Morell was then manager, performed at Birmingham in the afternoon, returning to London in the evening, and, at that time, this was far the greatest distance that had been attempted; but Manchester is seventy-one miles further from town than Birmingham, and the London and North-Western Railway will run the company's special train at least one quarter of an hour more rapidly than their fastest expresses, which are exceptionally fast trains. The curious feature of this *matinée* is that the company will have to leave London after the conclusion of the performance of this evening, and will travel down to Manchester in sleeping-cars, which will be kept in the Manchester Station for their convenience as long as they require them. The company will take supper on the down journey and dinner on the up journey, which will be provided by the railway refreshment department.

I beheld a wondrous sight last week outside the premises of Messrs. Swan and Edgar. The announcement of a sale had brought a multitude of women, who were jammed together in a line under the vigilant supervision of the police, for all the world as if they were at the pit-doors of a theatre on Boxing Night. A stern resolve was fixed on the faces of these ladies. They had come from Brixton and Highbury, determined to acquire the latest inventions in drapery for the lowest possible price. The unfortunate shop-assistants of Swan and Edgar's who saw these visages gazing fiercely through the glass doors must have trembled like the early Christian martyrs who heard the lionesses roaring outside the arena.

I see Mr. Max Pemberton has said a wise thing to the interviewer from *Home Chat*. "A mere love for reading does not necessarily indicate that one will be influenced by what one reads." There are people, no doubt, as Mr. Pemberton hints, who like to tell the interviewer that they have been "influenced" by "Carlyle and the classics"; but they are often like the young lady who declares in her bosom friend's "confession book" that her favourite poet is Shakspeare. If *Home Chat's* inquisitive man would start a series called "Drinks Which Have Influenced Me," he might tap a genuine source of inspiration. He should then extend his inquiries to the influence of Cooks, who have done much more in the moulding of literary men than Books.

I am glad to notice, in the first number of the *Savoy Magazine*, that Mr. Aubrey Beardsley has discovered a new type of woman. Unlike her predecessors in his artistic affections, she is almost pretty, and does not suggest that her nose is frequently in a trough. Her figure still leaves room for gracious amendment, as it suggests two single women rolled into one.

Here is an early photograph of "Dr. Jim," who shares with Mr. Chamberlain the glory of boundless popularity at this moment.



"DR. JIM."

Photo by E. Bruton, Cape Town.

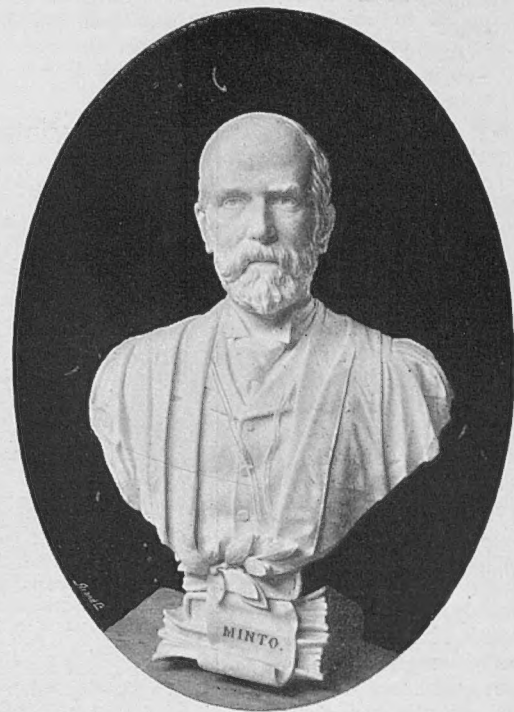
poet who would sing of the City of Spire is in happier plight. He needs not the same intricacy of knowledge, yet by his inward vision may catch, in some happily crystallised impressions, more of the true spirit of the place than pages of description can convey. These reflections are inspired by a dainty little volume of "Nine Sonnets Written at Oxford," by Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, the American poet. Miss Guiney's sonnets are instinct with a fine appreciation of the *genius loci*

Whether there will be a reaction of opinion by the time Jameson reaches England, who shall say!

Of literature concerned with one aspect or another of the University of Oxford there is no end. Mr. Andrew Lang has ascribed the unreality of the average novel of Oxford life and manners to the fact that the average novelist's sole qualification for their description is the previous payment of a flying visit to Cambridge. Even to those who have the requisite knowledge it is rarely given to see the life of a university "steadily and whole," so cumbered is each man by his own immediate environment. But the

of Oxford, expressed or suggested by a rare felicity of phrase. "The Tow-Path" is a delicate impression of much beauty, and two sonnets, "On the Pre-Reformation Churches About Oxford," are no less happy in descriptive epithet. "Imperial Ifley," "Meek Binsey," "Clear Cassington, that soars perpetual"—what rambler of the district will not like the words! Most charming of all, perhaps, is a pretty conceit about the rooks in New College Garden. The slim volume is decorated with sundry effective designs by Mr. Bertram G. Goodhue, and was privately issued as a Christmas card for the friends of the author, the artist, and their publishers, Messrs. Copeland and Day, of Boston.

A pathetic interest attaches to the bust of the late Professor Minto, which has been presented by subscribers to the University of Aberdeen. Within a few weeks of the time when the unveiling ceremony was to have been performed, the late Professor's widow died—less than three years after her husband. Mr. J. Whitehead, the sculptor, has done his work well.



BUST OF THE LATE PROFESSOR MINTO.

By J. Whitehead.

Here is a *mot* that has been going the round of the clubs. Sir

Walter Wilkin, the Lord Mayor, will, in all probability, come in for a baronetcy when his term of office expires. He will have a coat-of-arms, motto, &c., prepared for him. It is suggested that, as a great part of his fortune has been made by the successful sale of a patent yeast, no better motto could be found than "We have risen"!

Is it not curious that authors will not take pains to be accurate? In Mr. Brander Matthews' story, "His Father's Son," there is a very curious blunder, which will send a broad smile over the faces of financial readers. The tale deals with an elderly banker (Jay Gould *redivivus*) and his son, Wall Street and its operations serving for background. Here is the blunder that provokes to laughter—

The father and son took their hats and were about to leave the office, when Ezra Pierce paused.

"Mr. Arrowsmith," he said, "what's the balance at the bank to-day?"

The old bookkeeper opened the check-book again, and answered, "Not quite two millions."

Need I say that no firm ever keeps such a sum in a single bank? In the days when "penny bloods" had given place to shilling "thrillers," I remember coming across the following ludicrous exposition of anatomical knowledge—

The hero fell at the first shot. The surgeon bent over him. "Safe," he whispered. "The bullet has grazed his temple, that is all. But had it gone an eighth of an inch deeper it would have severed the femoral artery!"

Quite a number of people who have been reading "The Red Badge of Courage," by Stephen Crane, have asked me who the author is, and what is his literary record. There are so many life-like drawings in what has been called the second "Le Débaîcle" that many critics have come to the conclusion that only one who had been through the scenes of war therein depicted could have limned them. Yet this is not so, for Mr. Stephen Crane is only twenty-four. His literary career began eight years ago. Before he was sixteen he tried his 'prentice hand at Press-work, and when he was twenty-one he published his first book, "Maggie, a Girl of the Streets." It did not make much of a sensation, but one of the acutest of American critics, Mr. Hamlin Garland, was prompted to say, after having read it, "With such a technique already in command, with life mainly before him, Stephen Crane is henceforth to be reckoned with." Last year he published through Stone and Kimball (I think), the Bodley Head of America, a curious little book of bizarre verse, entitled "The Black Riders." The "Black Riders" of Mr. Crane's verse ran so riotous and unbridled a race over the hurdles of rhyme and reason that more than one critic dubbed him—pardon, God of Metaphors!—"the Aubrey Beardsley of poetry." Did Mr. Crane feel complimented?

We have had no skating here this winter thus far, and so I have had no opportunity of observing whether the skating Bloomer costume, which has recently become popular in America, is likely to "catch on" in these islands. Whatever variety of advanced dress is donned for skating expeditions by the transatlantic damsel, a good many inches of leggings appear to be a *sine quâ non*, the exposure of stockings being rigorously tabooed.



Paul Verlaine has been more honoured in death than he ever was during his long, eccentric life, and poets as widely differing in their genius and literary pretensions as Coppée and Mallarmé have vied with one another to claim him as their *camarade*, and even as their master. In some ways the author of "Sagesse" was better known to the London literary world than to that of Paris, where the wild stories circulated about him had given him a most unenviable reputation. Nowhere has he been so well described or with so light a hand as in "Le Lys Rouge," Anatole France's brilliant study of Florentine and Parisian life. There was nothing repulsive or eccentric about poor Verlaine's personality: his manner to strangers was well-bred and simple, and he was devoid of affectation. The vastness of London always appealed to him powerfully, and—as was the case with Zola—he particularly delighted in the atmospheric effects produced by our far-famed fogs. His piety, if intermittent, was sincere, and, as long as his health permitted him, he was fond of making pilgrimages to the popular churches and shrines of Paris, Notre Dame des Victoires being one of his favourite *lieux de pèlerinages* to the end.

By the retirement of Mr. G. G. Butler, the position of Senior Permanent Examiner to the Civil Service Commission devolves upon Mr. James Bonar, who has for some time been second in the Rhadamanthine trio at Cannon Row. Mr. Bonar, who is now forty-three, comes of a well-known Scotch family, his father having been Andrew Bonar, the distinguished divine, and his uncle Horatio Bonar, the hymnologist. He received his education at Glasgow Academy, Glasgow University—where he gained a University Silver Medal for the best essay on the philosophy of Kant—and Oxford, where he was a Snell Exhibitioner at Balliol. For three years, prior to his becoming connected with the Civil Service Commission, he did much lecturing on Political Economy at the East-End, and, indeed, his extra-official labours, very much more than *parerga* in his case, have been largely concerned with economic and philosophical subjects. To the eminence he has gained in these departments of thought must be attributed the conferring upon him of the honorary degree of LL.D. by the University of Glasgow. His volume on "Malthus and his Work," his edition of "Ricardo's Letters to Malthus," his treatise on "Philosophy and Political Economy in some of their Historical Relations," and his valuable catalogue, made in conjunction with Professor Foxwell, of the books originally forming Adam Smith's library, all call for notice; and he has also published various lectures and essays, and has contributed some articles to the "Dictionary of Political Economy," edited by Mr. R. H. Inglis Palgrave, and to the "Handwörterbuch der Staatswissenschaften."

That inexorable age-limit is compelling the retirement of Mr. Russell Martineau from the post as Assistant Keeper of the British Museum Library. Mr. Russell Martineau, who is the eldest son of that venerable

divine, Dr. James Martineau, married a cousin of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. It is just over one hundred and thirty-seven years, by the way, since the opening of the British Museum.

Everybody interested in music ought to possess themselves of the "Musical Directory" (Rudall, Carte, and Co.), which is a complete *vade mecum* to music and musicians.

Mr. R. W. Frazer, to whose charming stories of Indian life, "Silent Gods and Sun-steeped Lands," I lately referred, is busily engaged upon a work on India for the "Story of the Nations" Series. It will,

I am told, deal more particularly with the history of India under British occupation. Mr. Frazer's stories are on the point of passing into a second edition, a honour which they quite deserve.

The performing pig has for generations been a popular member of the troupe in travelling circuses, and children and their elders are just now being edified by the sight of a real boar-hunt, represented upon a large open stage. In this connection, it may be interesting to recall a tiny book written 370 years ago in honour of Master Grunter, a very learned, not to say philosophic pig. The tract was palpably inspired by "The Praise of Folly," by Erasmus, and the author, Nachtigall (Nightingale) Latinised his name into the sweet-sounding Luscinius.

On the title-page is a quaint cut, representing a be-laurelled man, holding a horse, in converse with the Pig himself, standing on his hind legs, and wearing a steeple-hat. The Pig, who holds forth on all sorts of subjects in satirical, and more than porcine vein, reached, it should be noted, the patriarchal age of 999½ years, and left a will full of munificent legacies. Seven porcine signatures were attached to this funny document.

What wonderful intelligence concerning European "royalties" comes within the ken of American journalists, of either sex! I could almost make a

volume of such fairy-tales of this sort as I have recently heard and read. Here is the latest. It refers to a select dinner-party for five, and costing the bagatelle of sixty dollars, given at Homburg by a stylish young American widow, in honour of the Prince of Wales. Goodness knows how these things come out, but people "on the other side" profess to be positive that his Royal Highness was consulted in advance as to the menu, that the table was decorated with pink roses, and that a gardenia was placed near his plate. It is really all "quite too lovely."

That steam-reaper drama, to which I referred some months ago, has just been performed at one of the London minor theatres. Of course, the highly realistic reaper is set in motion by the villain, who all but succeeds in mangling thereunder the little daughter of hero and heroine, who is playing in a corn-field. Happily, she is saved at the psychological moment by "the guardian angel" of the title.



MISS BELFREY IN "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK," AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.



Here is Mdlle. Yvette Guilbert with an extraordinary statement. The popular comédienne has given up cycling because she says it causes her to lose her memory. Her doctor suggested the possibility of her muscles being developed at the expense of her cerebral nerves. We are sorry for Mdlle. Yvette Guilbert, but we appreciate her humour.

Some evenings ago, certain philanthropic friends were entertaining me at dinner in a certain Piccadilly club, and by the time we had smoked and chatted sufficiently midnight was about to strike. I said that departure was an unpleasant necessity, and I and one of my friends strolled down towards the Circus. As we reached the Burlington an unearthly din broke out in the direction of our destination. For some moments we were both very much startled. At first I thought of a foreign invasion, then that Nature had gone out in revolt against the Circus Fountain, then that some stray Mænads and Bassarids were celebrating the rites of Dionysus and offering to that deity a Vine Street constable. There were bursts of primitive harmony, frenzied cries, and the sound of a procession. My companion was a soldier and a valiant man; he said, "Let us see what is the matter," and we did. Nearer and nearer came the tumult and the alleged music, and then the procession resolved itself into another freak of Salvation. Women with strange headgear and tambourines came up, and one asked if I sought salvation. I said that my more pressing need was for digestion, and then deafness. She called me a scoffer, and finally the band played. "There's no place like home" was the tune that band amused itself with, and I thought bitterly that the sentiment was a true and fitting one. Where, outside England, would such a disturbance be permitted?

Of course, there are many people who will say that such a parade through Piccadilly at midnight was well-meant and justifiable. They are wrong. To call together instruments and instrumentalists of torture to make "a rallying music in the void night's ear" is to commit a breach of the peace, socially, if not legally. Sleepers, invalids, nervous people, students, and wayfarers, all suffer from such proceedings, which are, after all, a symptom of degeneration and hysteria in the performers. The London night is an evil thing; the London streets in and round Piccadilly are the hunting-ground of theft and many other vices. Sooner or later these things will be improved, but not by the Salvation Army. Such proceedings as I witnessed on that eventful evening are at once a mockery of religion, music, and discipline. In Morocco the same state of mind produces the mad dancing orgies of the devotees; in India it made fanatics throw themselves in front of Juggernaut's car. Hysterical enthusiasm is the cause of half the world's folly, leading as it does to ill-considered action of every description. I like to think that everybody has full liberty of action in England, but it should be in places where the liberty does not prejudice others. Salvation in a corner of the Park, or in a big field or barracks, is all right, because those who don't like it can keep away. In crowded streets, through which people are bound to pass, it becomes a serious and dangerous abuse.

The strange sayings of children would fill a volume—for the matter of that, have filled one, I believe—while as for the situations they adopt in their play, they are imitated from the life-dramas of their elders, with that reckless disregard for consistency and development that often distinguishes the dramatist. A friend of mine who has been Christmassing in the country tells me of a very funny example of this trait in "our little ones." A large party of children were sent up to the schoolroom one afternoon to amuse themselves, and, after a time, two ladies made an excursion from the drawing-room to see how they were getting on. The youngsters were "play-acting," and the scene in which they were engaged was that of a fashionable wedding. Away from the group of performers stood, in a corner, a tiny girl of about three. Thinking the child had been banished as too young to join in the game, one of the ladies went up to condole with her, and ask the reason of her solitude. "Oh, hush!" said the tiny mite, who could scarcely speak plainly. "I see the baby, 'ou know, and I see waiting to be born'd."

The death of Sir Julian Goldsmid, happening as it did in the midst of the rumours of wars, of Venezuelan vicissitudes, and troubles in the Transvaal, not to mention the Blondinesque performance of the German Emperor (on the wire amidst a blaze of fireworks), hardly obtained the regretful notice it deserved. Shy in his manner, and not very approachable, Sir Julian was delightful to those who had had an opportunity of knowing him, and his tastes and accomplishments will be as much missed by a section of society as his admirable public gifts and generous charities will be in other directions. The Goldsmid family came from Cassel, in Germany, in the early part of last century, and soon attained wealth and position as merchants. The first baronet, Sir Julian's grand-uncle, received that honour in 1841, and was authorised to use his Portuguese honours as well. Sir Julian succeeded his uncle, Sir Francis, in 1878, and was the third and last baronet. Though the father of eight daughters, he had no son. The title lapses, and the settled estates (a large slice of West Brighton belongs to the Goldsmid family, their land stretching away to Portslade) pass to a cousin, one of the D'Avigdor family, an uncle of whom, by the way, is well known in journalistic circles, and was, I understand, associated with the late Savile Clark. Sir Julian's Piccadilly mansion, at the corner of Brook Street, is the historic house which was shut up for so many years, when the property, if I remember rightly, of the fourth Marquis of Hertford.

Mr. Justice Kekewich must have enjoyed the merry *matinées* which were held in his Court last week, when Mr. Oscar Barrett succeeded in interdicting Miss Kitty Loftus from appearing in "Gentleman Joe," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, on the ground that she was under contract to appear in "Robinson Crusoe," at the Lyceum. Although Kitty played the part of a girl, Emma, in "Gentleman Joe," she pleaded that she could play only a boy's part in the pantomime. Here is her evidence, set to the tune of the amusing ballad of "Little Miss Prim," which she sang so charmingly at the Prince of Wales's Theatre—

Kitty, the singer of "Pretty Miss Prim"—  
Kitty, whom Barrett declares was so venturesome,  
Breaking her pantomime bargain indenturous—  
Kitty, the jolly,  
Declined to play Polly:  
"The part with my faculties isn't commensurous."  
Perhaps you will think it a curious whim,  
But Kitty demanded the part of a "him."  
She wouldn't go bouncing  
In feminine flouncing,  
No matter though petticoats often are trim,  
"No, no, no," said Kitty (Miss Prim),  
"I must get the chance of displaying my limb.  
I made my name—it's my principal joy—  
In playing the part of the principal boy;  
A petticoat only shows my shoe,  
And that's not enough; it will not do,"  
Said she, "and so  
I was forced to go  
To play a part in 'Gentleman Joe.'"  
And so she went to the Prince of Wales—  
Where a hansom cab on the street she hails.

But that was not the end of the sport,  
For Barrett has stopped all her singing and dancery  
By means of the mighty Division of Chancery;  
Asking a judge  
To make her budge,  
So Kitty was forced to figure in Chancery.  
Actors and actresses crowded the Court,  
And though, it is true, they had to report  
The funny dilemma  
That, figuring as Emma,  
Yet principal boys were really her forte.  
Then up in the box went Kitty (Miss Prim),  
Declared she must be a pantomime "him";  
"I won't play the part of a girl," said she.  
And she tried to make his Ludship see  
That skirts and petticoats would not do;  
They'd only show a trifle of shoe.  
"I'd spoil the show  
Of R. Crusoe."  
But his Ludship told her, "Back you go."  
And so Miss Kitty, the smart and trim,  
Has ceased (for a time) to be Pretty Miss Prim.

The children's fancy-dress ball, which the Earl and Countess of Derby (as Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Liverpool) gave the other day, was a great success. On another page will be found a series of pictures of some of the little folk. There were all sorts and sizes of masqueraders—fairies, jesters, brigands, fishwives, Pierrots, pages, and soldiers. One girl appeared as the *Daily Graphic* weather maiden, another as the inevitable Trilby, very different, of course, from the Trilby of Mr. Arthur Alexander at the Grand Theatre, Islington. In fact, fiction and fancy were ransacked for the occasion.

Again I should like to ask "What's in a name?" Two young ladies, who are appearing as dancers in a provincial pantomime, boldly call themselves the Sisters Vanderbilt.

Speaking of names, I notice in the unromantic district of Holloway there lives a certain Ouida Sergeant.

Ouida recently figured in the North London Police Court against her brother, who was accused of having stolen 6s. 6d. from her.

Power is the extraordinary name of a daily paper published in Calcutta. What next?



MR. ARTHUR ALEXANDER AS TRILBY, AT THE GRAND THEATRE, ISLINGTON.

Photo by Hana, Strand.





MISS KITTY LOFTUS AS TRILBY, AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

## A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

*"We'll e'en to 't like French falcons, fly at anything we see."*

I have been conning lately some earnest assurances that players never read "press notices." The public must have a strange taste for these compositions, or else the gentlemen who occupy so many seats on a first night, signal to one another with expressive eyebrows, and even write busily as the play goes on, would be engaged in some other kind of light evening employment. But the actor, as I gather from certain statements in the witness-box, pays no heed to the mass of printed matter of which he is the great first cause. When he opens his morning paper, he turns to the stocks, or the foreign intelligence, digests the leader on the situation in the Transvaal, and passes over without the smallest interest the column and a half in which his personal deserts are discussed with amicable frankness. The actress is, if possible, more indifferent to the labours of the gentlemen who eyed her without bias the night before. She knows nothing of them personally; to her they are the horrid creatures who never join in the applause. A dramatic critic, you understand, must not applaud in a theatre; such an act would raise a suspicion of undignified partiality. When the audience cannot contain their enthusiasm, when that metallic gong which is known as the welkin performs its usual peal, when palm meets palm in the shock of ecstacy, you will observe rows of stolid images, without souls, each with a little phrase-factory buzzing in his head. It is not upon them that the actress smiles so bewitchingly when she takes her call. And, next day, why should she bother about the newspapers which, as a lady remarked in the witness-box, print "such a lot of things"?

I put this question to Judson, who knows the actress-mind better than any man of my acquaintance. "Judson," I said, "give me your advice. I hear that the dramatic critics are seriously thinking of throwing up the business. One of them told me to-day he thought of trying cattle-ranching in Texas. 'What's the good,' he said, 'of writing notices which no actress ever reads? Away in the Far West, I shall murmur my reflections on the drama, in the unsophisticated ear of Rosalie, the prairie-flower.'" "Well," replied Judson thoughtfully, "you writing fellows might do worse than let the stage alone. You have fallen into bad habits lately; one of them is the excessive attention you give to the playwright. Why, I frequently see a whole column about the play, while the actors are dismissed in ten lines." "But surely the play's the thing, Judson; your actresses must be provided with words, and a story to bustle in." "Bless you! if half-a-dozen actresses I know were to put their heads together, they could do without your dramatist entirely. I don't mind telling you that is my great idea for a new school of acting. Just think of it! A school in which you could suit the word to the action, the action to the word; that is to say, your blessed story would evolve itself out of gesture, voice, attitude, walk. Pathos would enter, and drop into a chair up stage; fiery passion, or dignified expostulation, would come on right centre, and comic relief romp in from the left. Put these expressions into the care of competent artists, and do you mean to tell me they couldn't invent a capital drama as they went along? Why, sir, I undertake to say that, in a year or two, a manager could engage a company at the school, play and all; and your dramatists would have to take to type-writing!"

"Perhaps you don't know," continued Judson, "that, in my early days as a Government servant, I used to write dramatic notices?" "Which were read by the actresses?" "I should think they were, sir! We didn't indulge then in your confounded metaphysics. When I praised an actress, I did it in a way she could understand, with none of your Aristotle and algebraic equations. My articles in the *Dramatic Teetotum*, as I have reason to know, were cut out and pasted in books." "And what was your critical method?" I asked. "My method, dear boy, was to make it clear that the stage belongs to the players, and not to outsiders who want to use it as a dumping-ground for fads. The personality of the actor, and especially of the actress, was quite good enough for me. I can tell you that the day I went on the *Teetotum* was the turning-point of its career. By George, sir! the dramatists were afraid of me. I told Rowland Sniike, who wrote the burlesque of 'Little Boadicea, or Down Among the Druids,' that the part he gave to Sophy Skittlewell was a public scandal. She threw it up and cancelled her agreement, and her manager dared not bring an action for fear of the *Teetotum*. I didn't know Sophy in those days; but after she married the brewer who received a baronetcy last year, I dined one evening at her house, and in the library, sir, what do you suppose was the most highly valued work?" "Oh, I should say a

history of hops from the earliest times." "No, my boy; it was a beautifully bound volume, containing my articles from the *Teetotum* on the famous controversy about 'Little Boadicea.' I was quite affected, and when the hostess said, 'Ah, Mr. Judson, that recalls one of my oldest and staunchest friends, who did me a great service, though I don't know his name to this day,' I simply laid the book on my heart and made her a profound bow. She looked at me a moment, and her eyes filled with tears; and, by George, sir, I believe that if it hadn't been for the company, which included a colonial bishop, she would have hugged me!" "Judson," I said, "your modesty is ennobling!" "Pooh!" said he; "but that shows you what dramatic criticism ought to be, and why actresses would read it if you gave them the opportunity."

Have authors, like players, ceased to read "press notices"? Mr. Henry James has a story of a novelist who never read reviews. When one of them was artfully thrust upon him by the writer, he merely remarked, "The usual twaddle!" In this case the complaint was not that the notice was unfriendly, but that the critic, like all the critics, even with every desire to be appreciative, had missed the whole purpose of the author's ambition. That must be a comforting thought to have about you, when the precious balms of your friends drop on your head, and when the unmannerly slings and arrows of the unsympathetic rattle on your harness. The only drawback to such a serenity must be that you yearn sometimes to make the populace understand how you are unmoved by praise or blame. When you catch sight of your portrait in the window of an illustrated paper, it would be a rare joy to strike an impressive attitude on the pavement, and say, "My friends, I am the unconcerned person whose image you may see yonder. I believe it is accompanied by some critical observations, not of a hostile character, which I beg you to regard as the usual twaddle. I do not say this in any spirit of ingratitude or disrespect; but you will easily understand that every man has an inner sanctuary to which his friends or foes cannot penetrate, and of which even he sometimes loses the key. You, sir, who, by all appearances, are a pieman's apprentice, with a tray of jam-puffs on your head, you would not have me regard them as the complete expression of your mind. I pray you not to attach too much importance to the jam-puffs on the head of that portrait. It is because I have no great opinion of them that I hope to divert your attention to other matters. This is not, as the cynics among you may suggest, a mere advertisement; it is an aid to the cultivation of the higher independence. I don't know whether you remember a passage in Dickens, in which the mural catalogue of some worthy's achievements had this appendix—

Stranger, pause,  
And ask thyself this question,  
Canst thou do likewise?  
If not,  
With a Blush, retire."

Are we, then, at the beginning of an epoch in which "press notices" will disappear? There seemed to be some warrant for this idea when a popular novelist announced that no review copies of her new work would be issued to the papers. It was natural that enthusiasts should write rhapsodies about the book all the same; but I was surprised and disappointed to find these arrayed by the publisher as if "press notices" were still of some account. Instead of the higher independence, here were the jam-puffs on the tray! But, perchance, we are approaching enlightenment and the new era—

*We welcome the day, O my brother,  
When freedom encompasses all,  
When none sounds a trump for another,  
Nor dips a sly pen into gall.  
No more do the "notices" foster  
The bile of a bellicose brood;  
We hear not from Row Paternoster  
The plaint of the Justly Reviewed.  
  
The log is bereft of its roller;  
The clique does not haste to acclaim  
Illustrious Thespian stroller,  
Tho' hemispheres worship his name.  
The harps that once hymn'd the great Sarah,  
Attuned to each feminine mood,  
Are mute as the music of Tara,  
Or plaint of the Justly Reviewed.  
  
Farewell to the day of the critic,  
And hail to the exquisite calm  
That craves not the screed analytic,  
Nor strikes up the partisan psalm.  
No more are our hands, O my brother,  
In blood of lad authors embred;  
So let us be thankful to smother  
The plaint of the Justly Reviewed!*



"CINDERELLA," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.



MISS ISA BOWMAN AS CINDERELLA AT THE BALL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.

# "CINDERELLA," AT DRURY LANE.

The Prince ... ..	MISS ADA BLANCHE.
Cinderella ... ..	MISS ISA BOWMAN.
Dandini ... ..	MISS ALEXANDRA DAGMAR.
The Baron ... ..	MR. HERBERT CAMPBELL.
The Baroness ... ..	MR. DAN LENO.
The Tutor ... ..	MR. LIONEL RIGNOLD.
Two Bailiff's Officers ... ..	THE GRIFFITHS BROTHERS.
Angelina ... ..	MISS SOPHIE LARKIN.
Clorinda ... ..	MISS EMILY MILLER.
The Fairy Godmother ... ..	MISS LILY HAROLD.
French Ambassador ... ..	MISS M. CORNILLE.
The Lord Chamberlain ... ..	MISS MAGGIE RIPLEY.
The Demon ... ..	MISS L. COMYNS.
King Toy ... ..	MISS K. JOYCELIN.
The Spirit of Pantomime ... ..	MISS HELEN LEE.
Lord in Waiting ... ..	MISS LENA DELPHINE.
Captain of the Guard-at-Arms ... ..	MISS HARRISON.
Master of the Ceremonies ... ..	MISS E. PRITCHARD.
Master of the Horse ... ..	MISS M. SHIELDS.
Prime Minister ... ..	MISS V. KNIGHT.
Aide-de-Camp to the Prince ... ..	MISS M. BRYER.
German Ambassador ... ..	MISS A. FRICKER.
Italian Ambassador ... ..	MISS H. HASTINGS.
Russian Ambassador ... ..	MISS QUEENIE DUDLEY.
Austrian Ambassador ... ..	MISS L. FEVERELL.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it, and the warm reception accorded to "Cinderella" at Drury Lane proves that Sir Augustus Harris has struck out in the right direction in eliminating some of the vulgarities which were once thought inseparable from pantomime. Why it should be considered funny to put a man in woman's clothes it is difficult to understand. Sir Augustus Harris, like Mr. Barrett, has not yet quite abandoned the fashion, yet, in retaining only one man in feminine attire, he has reduced the objection to the least possible dimensions in the circumstances. Fortunately Mr. Dan Leno, as the Baroness, is not repellent or vulgar, although one of the songs might with advantage be expunged. Perfection cannot come all at once, and it is something to be thankful for that Sir Augustus Harris has handed over the part of the Ugly Sisters to two of the very best *comédiennes* that the stage possesses, namely, Miss Sophie Larkin and Miss Emily Miller.

Not long ago (writes a *Sketch* representative), I ventured to pay them a call at their well-known residence in Drury Lane, just after



MISS EMILY MILLER AND MISS SOPHIE LARKIN AS THE UGLY SISTERS.  
Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

they had returned from that gorgeous ball-room at which they attend twice daily, to the infinite delight of "houses" that are literally packed from floor to ceiling.

"The dresses"—a subject always foremost, I notice, with the fair sex—"are, as you see, more magnificent than ever," said Miss Larkin. "In fact, ours"—pointing to several "dreams" (I believe that is the correct term)—"are really *too good*,"

That is, I suspect, for funny business. However, that is no affair of mine.

"It is exactly twenty-eight years ago that I played in a pantomime, which, strange to say, was 'Cinderella,' at Belfast. But times have changed since then," said Miss Larkin, with comic pathos, "for then I played Cinderella."

"While I," added Miss Miller, "played the Baroness at Brighton only last year. Do you know," she continued, "this is the first time we have ever met—I mean, of course, on the stage. I have played



THE BARONESS (MR. DAN LENO), AND THE BARON (MR. H. CAMPBELL).  
Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

heaps of Miss Larkin's parts—quite recently, for instance, in 'The Fatal Card.' But, you see"—with a knowing look—"Miss Larkin has been an *old lady* much longer than I have."

I immediately took my bearings as regards the door. But my nervousness was quite unnecessary, for they are excellent friends off the stage, in spite of a good deal of quarrelling in public.

"Yes," said Miss Larkin, quite unruffled by the innuendo, "I am about the oldest *old woman* on the stage, for I played old women's parts when I was quite young, beginning, almost by accident, with Mrs. Winterblossom in 'Popping the Question.'"

"And that early blossom is, I hope, now bearing its fruit in the shape of a full-ripe salary?"

"Perhaps so."

"There is a rather strange coincidence about Miss Larkin and myself," said Miss Miller, who had no intention of being left out in the cold. "We have each been associated with the most successful production at the theatres in which we were engaged. I was upwards of eight years with Mr. Wyndham at the Criterion, and played Araminta Brown all through the run of 'David Garrick.'"

"And I," said Miss Larkin, taking up the cue, "played Clarissa Champneys in 'Our Boys,' at the Vaudeville. The part contained barely twenty lines when it was first written—in fact, at one of the early rehearsals of the play, the part was so unimportant that I was entirely forgotten in the tableau at the end of one of the acts. I joked Mr. Byron, saying that Miss Champneys must have been quite an afterthought. And I really believe she was. However, Mr. David James helped me to build the part up to the very different position it now holds in the piece."

We then got chatting over many very interesting experiences. "Yes," said Miss Miller, "but I don't remember ever playing a part—at any rate, in London—with less rehearsals than this. I dare say you know that Miss Victor, who was to have played the part, was prevented at the last moment by illness; consequently, I was not at the theatre till the Monday before Christmas Day, so had only two rehearsals."

But, as there is barely two and a-half hours' breathing-time between the morning and evening performances, during which dinner has to be an item, I felt in duty bound to cut short a very pleasant and interesting chat, which I gladly would have prolonged.





MR. DAN LENO AS THE BARONESS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.





THE PRINCE (MISS ADA BLANCHE).



MISS LILLIE COMYNS AS THE DEMON.



CINDERELLA AND THE PRINCE.



THE GRIFFITHS BROTHERS AS THE BAILIFF'S OFFICERS.





MISS ADA BLANCHE AS THE PRINCE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



THE GRIGOLATIS TROUPE.



MDLLE. GRIGOLATIS.



MISS MAGGIE RIPLEY AS THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.





MISS MARGUERITE CORNILLE AS THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



MR. LIONEL RIGNOLD AS THE TUTOR.



MISS ISA BOWMAN AS CINDERELLA.



MISS ALEXANDRA DAGMAR AS DANDINI.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANA, STRAND.





"WHY DOESN'T HE COME?"



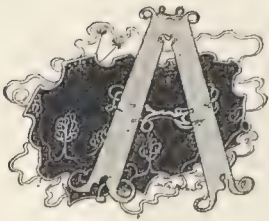
"POUR OUT THE RHINE WINE."



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## A CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION.

BY GRANT ALLEN.



II, he *was* a mean-spirited beggar, that fellow Sibthorpe! As mean-spirited a beggar as ever *I* come across. Yes, that's who *I* mean; that's him; the fellow as was murdered. *I* s'pose you'd call it murdered, now *I* come to think of it. But, Lord, he was such a mean-spirited chap, he wouldn't be enough to 'ang a dog for!

"Charitable," eh? "A distinguished philanthropist!" Well, *I* can't say as *I* ever thought much of his philanthropy. He was always down on them as tries to earn a 'onest livin', tramping about the country. Know how he was murdered? Well, yes, *I* should think *I* did! *I*'m just about the fust livin' authority in England on that there subject.

Well, come to that, *I* don't mind if *I* do tell you. You're a straight sort of chap, you are. You're one of these 'ere politicals. *I* ain't afraid o' trustin' you. You're not one of them as 'ud peach on a pal to 'andle a reward o' fifty guineas. And it's a rum story too. But mind, *I* tell you what *I* tell you in confidence. There's not another chap in all this prison *I*'d tell as much to.

*I*'d always knowed 'im, since *I* was no bigger nor that. Old fool he was, too; down on public-'ouses an' races an' such, an' always ready to subscribe to anything for the elevation of the people. People don't want to be elevated, says *I*; silly pack o' modern new-fangled rubbish. *I* sticks to the public-'ouses.

Well, we was dead-beat that day. Liz an' me had tramped along all the way from Aldershot. Last we come to the black lane by the pine-trees after you've crossed the heath. Loneliest spot just there that *I* know in England. The Gibbet 'Ill's to the right, where the men was hung in chains; and the copse is to the left, where we 'ad that little brush one time with the keepers. Liz sat down on the heather—she was dead-beat, she was—behind a clump o' fuzz. An' *I* lay down beside 'er.

She was a good 'un, Liz. She followed me down through thick and thin like a good 'un. No bloomin' nonsense about Liz, *I* can tell you. *I* always liked 'er. And though *I* *did* get into a row with her that mornin' afore she died, and kick 'er about the ribs a bit—but, there, *I*'m a-digressin', as the parson put it; and the jury brought it in "Death by misadventure." That was a narrow squeak that time. *I* didn't think *I*'d swing for 'er, 'cause she 'it me fust; but *I* did think they'd 'a' brought it in somethin' like manslaughter.

However, as *I* say, *I*'m a-digressin' from the story. It was like this with old Sibthorpe. We was a-lyin' under the gorse bushes, wonderin' to ourselves 'ow we'd raise the wind for a drink, for we was both of us just about as dry as they make 'em, when suddenly round the corner, with his 'at in his 'and, and his white 'air a-blowin' round his 'ead, like an old fool as he was, who should come but the doctor. Liz looks at me, and *I* looks at Liz.

"It's that bloomin' old idjit, Dr. Sibthorpe," says she. "He give me a week once."

*I*'ad my knife in my 'and. *I* looks at it like this: 'then *I* looks at Liz. She laughs and nods at me. 'E couldn't see neither of us behind the bush of fuzz. "Arst 'im fust," says Liz, low; "an' then, if he don't fork out—" An' she drawed her finger so, right across her throat, an' smiles. Oh, she *was* a good 'un!

Well, up *I* goes an' begins, reglar asker's style. "You ain't got a copper about you, sir," says *I*, whinin' like, "as you could give a pore man as has tramped, without a bit or a sup, all the way from Aldershot?"

'E looks at me an' smiles—the mean old hypocrite! "*I* never give to tramps," says 'e. Then 'e looks at me agin. "*I* know you," says 'e. "You've been up afore me often."

"An' *I* knows you," says *I*, drawin' the knife; "an' *I* knows where you keeps your money. An' *I* ain't a-goin' to be up afore you again, not if *I* knows it." An', with that, *I* rushes up, an' just goes at him blind with it.

Well, he fought like a good 'un for his life, that he did. You wouldn't 'a' thought the old fool had so much fight left in him. But Liz stuck to me like a brick, an' we got him down at last, an' *I* gave him one or two about the 'ead as quieted him. It was mostly kickin'—no blood to speak of. Then we dragged him aside among the heather, and covered him up a little bit, an' made all tidy on the road where we'd stuck him.

"Take his watch, Liz," says *I*.

Well, would you believe it? He was a magistrate for the county, and lived in the 'All, an' was 'eld the richest gentlemen for ten mile about; but when Liz fished out his watch, what sort do you think it was? *I* give you my word for it, a common Waterbury!

"You put that back, Liz," says *I*. "Put that back in the old fool's pocket. Don't go carryin' it about to incriminate yourself, free, gratis, for nothin'," says *I*; "it ain't worth sixpence."

"'Ave you his purse?" says she.

"Yes, *I* 'ave," says *I*. "An', when we gets round the corner, we'll see what's in it."

Well, so we did; an', would you believe it, agin, when we come to look, there was two ha'penny stamps and a lock of a child's 'air; and, s'elp me taters, that's all that was in it!

"It ain't right," says *I*, "for people to go about takin' in other people with regard to their wealth," says *I*. "'Ere's this bloomin' old fool 'as misled us into s'posing he was the richest man in all the county, and not a penny in his purse! It's downright dishonest."

Liz snatches it from me, an' turns it inside out. But it worn't no good. Not another thing in it!

Well, she looks at me, an' *I* looks at her. "You fool," says she, "to get us both into a blindfold scrape like this, without knowin' whether or not he'd got the money about him. *I* guess we'll both swing for it."

"You told me to," says *I*.

"That's a lie," says she. Liz was always free-spoken.

*I* took her by the throat. "Young woman," says *I*, "you keep a civil tongue in your 'ead," says *I*, "or, by George, you'll follow him!"

Then we looks at one another again; and the humour of it comes over us—I was always one as 'ad a sense of humour—an' we busts out laughin'.

"Sold!" says *I*.

"Sold!" says Liz, half cryin'.

An' we both sat down, an' looked again at one another like a pair of born idjits.

Then it come over us gradjally what a pack o' fools that there man had made of us. The longer *I* thought of it, the angrier it made me. The mean-spirited old blackguard! To be walking around the roads without a penny upon him!

"You go back, Liz," says *I*, "an' put that purse where we found it, in his weskit pocket."

Liz looked at me an' crouched. "*I* daren't," says she, cowerin'. She was beginning to get frightened.

*I* took her by the 'air. "By George!" says *I*, "if you don't —." An' she saw *I* meant it.

Well, back she crawled, rather than walked, all shiverin'; an', as for me, *I* set there on the heather an' watched her. By-an'-by, she crawled back. "Done it?" says *I*. An' Liz, lookin' white as a sheet, says, "Yes, *I* done it."

"*I* wasn't goin' to carry that about with me," says *I*, "for the coppers to cop me. Now they'll put it in the papers, 'Deceased's watch and purse were found on him untouched, so that robbery was clearly not the motive of the crime.' Get up, Liz, you fool, an' come along on with me."

Up she got, an' come along. We crept down the valley, all tired as we was, without a sup to drink; an' we reached the high road, all in among the bracken, an' we walked together as far as Godalming. That was all. The p'lice set it down to revenge, an' suspected the farmers. But, ever since then, every time *I* remember it, it makes me 'ot with rage to think a man o' property like him should go walking the roads, takin' other people in, without a farden in his pocket. It was the biggest disappointment ever *I* had in my life. To think *I* might 'a' swung for an old fool like that! A great philanthropist, indeed! Why, he'd ought to 'a' been ashamed o' himself. Not one blessed farden! *I* tell you, it always makes me 'ot to think o' it.

## A DEAD LETTER.

TO ELLA,—This is a dead letter, and the hand that wrote it—dead, too—hates you, Ella. *I* disliked you long before the man came between us, and when once he came *I* hated you with all my heart—more even than *I* loved him. It is Harry's wife writing to you, for this last of many times. All the other letters that passed between us were pretty, pleasant, courteous things, that were worth no more than the kisses we laid on each other's unresponsive cheeks. Now the nurse has gone, and the children are screaming upstairs, and downstairs, in the library, my last baby lies in his tiny coffin, covered over with your flowers—and *I* am writing my first and last true letter to you, Cousin Ella. Harry will find it, and wonder a little, and then send it to you; and after that they will put me away in the dark beside my dead babies, and *I* shall not remember you even as a bad dream, Ella! Oh! my bad dreams! How many and how wild they were! and yet it was worse to wake from them, and look at Harry sleeping beside me, with all his dear face drawn and hard with brooding over you—you, whom he thought he was not worthy of! Oh, Cousin Ella, Cousin Ella, *I* could almost laugh when *I* think of it! Poor Harry, with his high thoughts and his hot passions, and you standing apart and cold through all his trouble, and the thought of another man hot at your heart all the time. And, all the time, there was *I*—*I*, Harry's wife, not Harry's love—with no dreams and no illusions about him, loving him desperately—as desperately as he loved you, Cousin Ella!—only the woman who bore his dead and living children, and heard him talk about *you* in his sleep. *I* wish you long life, and long remembrance of that other man, cousin o' mine; as for me, *I* am going to sleep.

HARRY'S WIFE.



## A JOURNEY THROUGH THE BALKANS.

## A CHAT WITH MR. AND MRS. HENRY NORMAN.

It was a great idea of Mr. Massingham, the editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, to send his assistant-editor, his left hand—for Mr. Massingham is his own right hand—round the Balkan States. After Mr. and Mrs. Norman returned from the Near East, a *Sketch* representative called upon them at their house in Grosvenor Road, Westminster.

Two vivid personalities (he writes): Mr. Norman, traveller, man of letters, diplomat, journalist, author of "The Real Japan" and of the equally successful "The Peoples and Politics of the Far East"—the first of which books is about to be reprinted; Mrs. Norman, traveller, woman of letters, the Mémie Muriel Dowie of "A Girl in the Karpathians" and that strange novel, "Gallia." We all know them; no introduction was necessary, especially after recent historical—perhaps history-making—letters.

My interview with this pair of travellers was a regular itinerary. It began in Mrs. Norman's study-boudoir—I hope that is right—a charming, cosy place, filled with books and the personal *bric-à-brac* which grows out of travel and hobbies. Then it took in the dining-room, which Mr. Norman has filled with trophies of his many wanderings, particularly his collection of weapons; and finally it proceeded to his study, where there were more treasures and a view of the Thames. I do not speak of the hall and staircase, because my point will already have been anticipated—that their home is throughout simply a reflex of where Mr. and Mrs. Norman have been and what they have done. The Near East is only one of the latest Norman Conquests (oh, that ancient joke!), and, while it was occasion for this article, only the thread of it.

"Yes, an amazingly interesting journey," said Mrs. Norman; "but I am not going to write a book about it. My husband is, and one will be quite enough."

"Well," put in Mr. Norman, "it will be as much my wife's book as mine, because, as has been suspected, many touches in the letters are owed to her."

"That's my Frekkie," said Mrs. Norman, as I nearly stumbled over a small dog. "And please don't sit on William Alexander!" she cried hastily, as I sought the refuge of a chair. William Alexander, it should be known, is Mrs. Norman's orange Persian kitten, Frekkie her Scotch terrier from Glencoe, both parties to the interview—and why not?

"Yes, they are dreadfully charming," Mrs. Norman admitted; "but you mustn't let them bore you. They went to Scotland for their holiday while we were away; and I nearly brought home a Constantinople puppy out of the Grande Rue de Péra to keep them company, but we were going to so many other places that I could not. Still, I made a little collection of Balkan pottery, which was almost as tiresome to carry, and that piece of Bulgarian embroidery on my sofa is a really beautiful example of the peasants' work."

"My wife's real passion," interrupted Mr. Norman, "is Old English lustre-ware. Look at her corner-cupboard, packed full, and that pediment of jugs above the door."

Then there is her collection of the works of living poets, gifts from themselves. But she will not let me talk of literature; I am to hear the story of that snowy owl above her desk, a magnificent bird which her husband shot in the North-West Territory.

"That owl had a sort of vengeance," said Mr. Norman reflectively, "for I got two of my fingers badly frost-bitten."

"I see you're looking at that photograph of Zekki Pasha, the Turkish Cabinet Minister," Mrs. Norman remarked. "Madame Zekki did me the honour to receive me, and instead of my finding the orthodox harem, with cushions and sweetmeats and beautiful odalisks, and all the rest of it, there was a plain French country house, with an excellent library of standard English and French works, which the amiable Zekki displayed proudly. And Madame—only one Madame, if you please—she dressed and looking like a pretty Frenchwoman, speaking the most charming French, though, of course, herself pure Turkish. You know, there's nothing left of the beautiful old Turkish dress, which was so picturesque; I mean, the baggy trousers and things."

I ventured to suggest that if the bicycle craze were ever to reach Constantinople, it might prove a bulwark to the Turkish trousers.

"I doubt it," laughed Mrs. Norman; "for Turkish ladies don't take exercise as Englishwomen do. 'Wouldn't you like to ride?' I asked Madame Zekki. 'We have never known it,' was her reply, 'and therefore we do not yearn for it.'"

Mrs. Norman described to me her visit to Madame Stambouloff, in the house hung with black cloth, at Sofia—a woman of intellectual parts and physical charm, buried in crape and the desolation of that grave which nowadays is the bourne of all her walks. Now it was a word on the Near East, again a sight of something recalling the Far East, as we moved through our before-mentioned itinerary. Take the Chinese temple bell, which Mr. Norman brought from the interior of China; it weighs fourteen stone, and there is not a convenient beam in the house strong enough to hang it from; the skins of crocodiles, which he shot somewhere in the Malay Peninsula; or the boa-constrictor, which in life must have been a superb specimen of its kind.

"It does not sound very attractive," observed Mr. Norman; "but that boa-constrictor and I once slept together under the same rug. It was in the Malay Peninsula—which has fascinated me more, perhaps, than any other part of the world—that he and I met. As I tumbled out one morning, to go for my usual swim, I heard a shout from my natives, and looking round, I found a boa-constrictor emerging from my bed and making towards the river. I snatched up my gun and shot him before he could escape, and the reason that his skin shows no head at all, is that my shot blew it off."

I had read Mr. Norman's account of how he crossed the Duga Pass from Montenegro to Herzegovina, amid rain and thunder and the gathering night; but that was honest adventure at least, and, for my part, I should think it more healthy than the boa-constrictor incident. But you cannot travel and go scathless as well, and for a case of a near shave hear the story of one of those spears in the row there, one which Mr. Norman picked up for me to look at.

"Once, while in Kelantan," he said, "I was coasting along in a native junk. A nice little plot, as it appeared afterwards, had been arranged between some of my crew and a batch of natives ashore, the result being that our craft ran on the mud-bank, and we were attacked by two or three boat-loads of ruffians. This spear whistled past my ear, but the man who threw it never threw another, and there was no loot for that party of marauders." Another reminiscence of Malaya is suggested by the stuffed monkey which takes the visitor's card in the entrance-hall. It is not the hairy fellow's first useful service, for he was shot for a meal when there was nothing else to be had. "And I can't say that he ate badly," was Mr. Norman's verdict.

"It is only out of gratitude for that that I keep him," said Mrs. Norman, "for I have a horror of all stuffed animals, and think stuffed human beings would be just as reasonable and pleasant about a house."

The collection of weapons of the Far East has been the pursuit of Mr. Norman, and to write the history of all his specimens would be to write a book—weapons of the Malay people, the Chinese, the Japanese, the Siamese, and half-a-dozen other Eastern races. A pair of poisoned *kris*es are well out of reach, and opposite them hangs the simple Malay execution *kris*.

"The Near East has its treasures too, but these are not to be brought home by the traveller. There is the Treasure of Attila in the museum at Bucharest. I have never seen anything more beautiful and suggestive than that barbaric gold-work," said Mr. Norman, "and I am glad to think of it so appreciated in Roumania. No, I am not of the travellers who must always carry something away. It is travel as travel that fascinates me—the Far East, with its little-known peoples and virgin country, a small part of it known alone to me; in the Near East, problems and personalities, and the outlook for the future. As to the personalities, the three most striking that I met were no doubt Prince Nicolas of Montenegro, the Baron de Kallay, and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. Here is a photograph of Prince Ferdinand which he has just sent me. Look at the strength and peculiar boldness of the signature. Surely in that signature there is confirmation of the reading I put upon Prince Ferdinand's character when I saw him, and in the face also?" Mr. Norman handed me a photograph with autograph. "This is the Prince of Montenegro, a heroic figure, a magnificent fellow altogether, a man whom it was an event to talk with."

"And," I asked, "do these men complete the list of notable personalities in the Balkan States?"



MR. HENRY NORMAN.

The "*Daily Chronicle*" Special Commissioner to Constantinople and to Washington.





MISS MÉNIE MURIEL DOWIE (MRS. HENRY NORMAN).

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. S. MENDELSSOHN, PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, W.

"By no means," came the answer. "There are M. Ristitch, the ex-Regent of Servia; M. Novakovitch, Prime Minister of that country; M. Sourdza, the very intellectual Premier of Roumania; and, the youngest of them all, Dr. Stoiloff, of Bulgaria—together a remarkable group of statesmen, the product, mind you, of a handful of years, while our statesmen come of centuries of statesmanship."

"The two forces which have moved the world"—we had reached Mr. Norman's study, and I looked to the mantelshef where he pointed; a little Greek cross hung round the neck of the Venus of Milo—"Religion and Beauty. Now I will confess my only piece of vandalism." Mr. Norman held up a brick, of much better quality than our London jerry-builders use. "That is part of the Great Wall of China," he explained. "I thought that, from the miles of bricks and ruins, the Great Wall might spare me a couple. I chartered a special donkey to carry them to the coast, one slung on each side of the beast."

A real Chippendale clock, a kourbash, a whip of rhinoceros-hide, which had driven slaves in Egypt; a Siamese Court-sword, heavy again with its silver mountings, presented to Mr. Norman by the King of Siam's brother; an exact model in clay of the King's favourite white elephant—but why go on, after omitting the stone club downstairs, a present from Sitting Bull, the famous Sioux chief? An endless museum, you see, gathered from East and West, North and South, even to far Cochín-China, where Mr. Norman shot his first tiger. It was a tigress, to be absolutely accurate, and she had a singularly beautiful skin, which "Louisa" now brought along and stretched out. "Louisa, another of our household gods," said Mrs. Norman; "Louisa, who entered the service of our family six-and-twenty years ago; Louisa, who enables me to shine not a little as a housekeeper; Louisa, who does everything for us." "Even assists me to write my books," added the author of "The Real Japan" solemnly, whereat, with a confusion of blushes on her handsome cheeks—positively she could never have been six-and-twenty years in anybody's service—Louisa, with "Freddie" and "William Alexander" at her heels, fairly bolted from the room.

It is indeed difficult to deal as a whole with a man of so many accomplishments as Mr. Norman. For instance, I have omitted till now all mention of his rare books, and the barest mention must suffice for the relics that hang about of his University days at Harvard and Leipzig.

"I am glad to think," he said, taking a well-worn volume from its shelf, "that I have in the original cloth everything Thomas Hardy has written. Here is 'Desperate Remedies,' which appeared anonymously in 1871, and there 'Jude the Obscure.' Also I have everything of Meredith's in the original form, and here, among the Americans, everything of Longfellow's. Longfellow I knew well; he was good enough to be a friend of mine, and I value beyond telling this letter, which he wrote me from his last sick-bed. A very rare volume is this copy of the first edition of Nathaniel Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter.' Not merely is it a copy of the first edition, but the first copy that came from the press; for it was Hawthorne's own, the one sent him by his publisher. He gave it to his sister-in-law, Miss Peabody, and she gave it to me. First editions of the 'Biglow Papers,' 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' of Emerson, whom I also knew, and so on. But you have heard enough, and I have told you too much. You must think we have hobbies enough between us to leave us time for nothing else."

### "L. F. A."

Mr. Louis Frederic Austin is known to many thousands of our countrymen. To most of them he is a name and a reputation only, and the reputation is peculiar. One cannot help reading Mr. Austin; but one cannot help being frequently annoyed by what he says. This, when you think of it, is a compliment. Even as you watch for the reappearance of the bad man in the play, you await with curiosity the reappearance of Mr. L. F. Austin. That is a tribute to him which it is a pleasure to explain. The irritation raised by Mr. Austin's comments on literary and other affairs is willingly endured because of his talent and his candour. You feel that what really irritates is less the austerity of Mr. Austin's judgment than the apprehension that one's own judgment is not austere enough. Nowadays we are too easy-going in respect to letters and the other arts. In those affairs, Democracy, which, socially and politically, is the shadow

of a myth, is very real. All the world reads now; it is the whole people, therefore, who dictate to the authors and the publishers and the dramatists what manner of wares are to be offered; and so Mr. Austin is at once out of touch with the times, and, with lethal weapons, too urgent in the rear of them. That is to say, while a Democrat in politics and other affairs of inferior concern to him, Mr. Austin is an unbending Tory in the arts.

Still, to say of a man that he is a Tory is not to utter an exact definition. To avow yourself a Tory in politics is but to flaunt a red flag in front of the Bulls of Bashan, who are drinking Rousseau and gassed waters in the home of some Liberal Three Hundred, inviting them to go at the tails of your frock-coat. You shall have a thoroughly enjoyable *melée*, perhaps; but there will be a lack of discrimination in the energies. Having discriminated in politics, let us do likewise in the arts. Mr. Austin cares first for the spirit and the message which the spirit has to propound; next, for the fashion in which the spirit arrays itself and the style in which the message is propounded. A Tory in matters of taste in style, he is a Democrat in sympathy. Social Tories are aggrieved against him, because, how well soever the sentences of their prophets may construe, he will have none of their principles. What can you make of a man like that? He regards

"Trilby" with a sorrowful scorn, and is touched to the heart by "Jude the Obscure."

Whatever is thought of him by the many readers to whom he is personally unknown, Mr. Austin is highly esteemed by his friends. His friends understand him better than he allows himself to be understood in his writings. Although he has ready humour, he is very earnest; and the affairs with which he has to deal are constantly contriving to set his scholarly earnestness in conflict with his taste. His daily associations are with the "classes," whose habits and casual likings are his own; but his high seriousness is with the "masses," who give it no encouragement. In Mr. Austin's view, the principles of social convention are capable of drastic and salutary reform; but no considerable body of the community dances to the reformer's piping. That makes our interesting critic ill at ease. He cannot help laughing himself at the ram-stam, humourless doctrinaires; yet he feels that there is reason in their sayings, and while the sayings pass one-half of the world as the idle wind, they touch not the other half at all. Naturally, then, our critic, being very human, looks askance at all imaginative works which, howsoever excellent in technique, are indifferent or hostile to "the new spirit," while, for the life of him, being a man of taste, he can do no better for imaginative works of the new spirit and unmannered form. Our friend should have been a poet, instead of being

a critic. Nevertheless, many thousands of his countrymen are always ready to be addressed by the fretful rebel that he is.

Born in America of Irish parents—his mother was of the name and kin of Tom Moore—the Celt is apparent alike in his genial impulsiveness and in the brilliant wit of his literary style. His career as a journalist began in Liverpool, but it was not till he obtained a footing in London, and dropped verses into the letter-box of Mr. Frederick Greenwood, when that distinguished man was editing the *St. James's Gazette*, that he first attracted the attention of those who are keenly alive to the individuality of our *littérateurs*. Mr. Austin has received more than one note of congratulation on his appointment to the Laureateship; he has been confused by those who recollect his *vers de société* with the now more famous Alfred. For many years Mr. Austin has been associated with the National Press Agency, one of the most enterprising organs of communication between the Metropolis and the provincial Press; and among his acquirements is the experience of the old Parliamentary Gallery hand. To the *Speaker* he has regularly contributed literary and social essays, almost from the beginning of that review. To me, perhaps, the most impressive side of Mr. Austin's achievement was the article which he used to write in the *New Review*, under the title of "Folios and Footlights." I always thought there was a quite unusual charm in that article; it had not only distinction of style, but a note of sympathy which one so rarely finds in the modern *causeur*. As a critic, Mr. Austin aims at catholicity, and his friends are wont to complain that he is almost scandalously impartial. Mr. Austin's work for the *Illustrated London News* and for *The Sketch* is within the memory of all my readers; if you seek his monument you cannot do better than turn to our "At Random" page.





"PERMIT ME."







LITTLE FOLK IN FANCY DRESS.

*Photographs by Moull and Morrison, Liverpool.*



LORD MAYOR'S CHRISTMAS TREE (MISS BRASH).



"MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY" (MISS LEATHER).



GREAT-GRANDMOTHER (MISS MEYER).



MATADOR (MASTER BROCKLEBANK).



A SPANISH CAVALIER (MASTER LIPSON).



A COURTIER, TIME GEORGE III. (MASTER STEVENSON).



FOLLY (MISS CLARKE).



PIERROT (MASTER BRASH).



SNOW FAIRY (MISS MAMIE PARKER).



Mr. Ernest Leicester.

Miss Emerson.

Mr. Luigi Lablache.

*"Here is Mlle. Brissot! We will continue this subject another time."*



Miss Alexes Leighton.

Miss Olga Nethersole.

Mr. William Farren junior.

*"Father! Have pity! Have pity!"*

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE IN "DENISE."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BYRON, NEW YORK.



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## OLD CALIFORNIA.\*

We are getting on in departmental fiction. Not only is Scotland so finely apportioned between the leading Scotch novelists that a brawl between them on the score of territorial boundary might be a distraction any day, but the "common lands" of this country are now wonderfully few. The prospect for the unborn novelist is not reassuring. It is possible that one of his first acts on coming to years of discretion will be the foundation of a league for "free land," quite apart from any ownership of the soil. For him there will hardly be a haven in earth or sea or sky. His finest flights will be marked "done" by the publishers. He will return to the ark, but there will be no berries in his mouth. The deluge is preceding him, and the flood has long passed the boundaries of the merely local.

All this has been true of our own country for some time, but the American novelist has troubled himself as yet with no such problem. His continent is large; it is also draughty, as a wit has assured us. If there is neither a Drumtochty nor a Thrums, a Casterbridge nor a Troy Town, there are seething centres of life, of which more than half the world knows nothing, and does not care to be any better-informed. These are the centres which the genius of the American novelist may well be employed upon. When he can, by his own power, awake for them not only the interest of his fellow-men, but also of the "darned Britisher," then may he claim to be numbered among those who have achieved glory. That the difficulties of his task are enormous is not to be disputed. The practical and the poetical are the poorest of bed-fellows. What romance there is lies buried beneath the dung-heap of a dollar-hunting commonplace. Infinite labour only may disclose it; and when that work is done, the finer tools of genius must be employed before the restoration can hope to attract even a passing notice.

I read somewhere the other day that Mrs. Atherton was the literary star of California, but that her work had yet to find a Western public. This opinion must have been written before the publication of her clever little story, "A Whirl Asunder," a book which revealed at once the author's strength and her weakness: strength, in handling passionate love-scenes with unfailing delicacy; weakness, in a tendency to pander often to the purely material demonstrations of passion. This book—and it was a mere sketch—was so full of merit that a second work from the same pen has been looked for with large expectation.

I am inclined to think that such an expectation will not be disappointed with "The Doomsman." The defects of the previous story are here entirely absent. Looking about her for a department in her own country, Mrs. Atherton has chosen to write of California—not the California of the "Saviours of the City," but the California of the Spaniard, of the Catholic, of the priest, of the lover. And this is a subject, this world of silver trappings and passionate loves, which is altogether her own. No other writer could have entered into the spirit of those last years of the Spanish dominion as the author has done here. There can be few traits in the Spanish character which she has not grappled with and weighed up. The dormant intellect of the men, the childlike coquetry of the women, the all-prevalent dominion of the priests, the fierce hates and grotesque rivalries, are brought home to us in a story which is short enough to be the first volume of a common novel. And, beyond all, the feeling for the romance of it is never wanting. Witness this description of a wedding scene, which is one of the many gems of the kind abounding in the book—

The rising sun gave added fire to the bright-red tiles of the long white Mission, threw a pink glow on its noble arches and towers, and on the white, massive aqueduct. The bells were crashing their welcome to the bride. The deep valley, wooded and rocky, was pervaded by the soft glow of the awakening, but was as lively as midday. There were horses of every colour the Lord has decreed that horses shall wear. The saddles upon them were of embossed leather or rich embroidered silk heavily mounted with silver. Above all this gorgeousness sat the caballeros and the doñas, in velvet and silk, gold lace and Spanish jewels and mantillas, and silver-weighted sombreros: a confused mass

of colour and motion; a living picture, shifting like a kaleidoscope. Nor was this all; brown, soberly dressed old men and women in satin-padded carretas— heavy ox-carts on wheels made from solid sections of trees, and driven by a gañan seated on one of the animals; the populace, in cheap finery, some on foot, others astride old mules or broken-winded horses—two or three on one lame old hack—all chattering, shouting, eager, interested, impatiently awaiting the bride and a week of pleasure.

Upon this foundation of sparkling romance Mrs. Atherton has built up her story of love and hate. In some ways it is a very simple story, yet it is handled so skilfully that the book is light reading from the first page to the last. Diego Estenega is her hero; Chonita, the daughter of his enemy, is the woman upon whom she would turn our interest. Prefacing the whole tale with the somewhat commonplace motive of racial jealousy, of a Capulet and Montague feud between the Estenegas and the Iturbi y Moncada, from which family Chonita comes, the author is quick to atone with some fine sketches of character which lift the book at once from the cellars. Estenega, a man who foresees the coming American occupation of California, and would welcome it, is drawn with rare art—

You remember the books that were burned by the priests when the Governor was a boy, because he had dared to read them? No? Well, when Diego Estenega heard of that, he made his father send to Boston and Mexico for those books and many more, and took them up to the redwood forests in the north, far away from the priests. And they say he had read other books before, although such a lad; his father had brought them from Spain, and never cared much for the priests. And he has been to Mexico and America and Europe. God of my soul! it is said that he knows more than his Excellency himself, that his mind works faster. Ay, but there was a time when he was wild, when the mescal burnt his throat like hornets, and the aguardiente was like scorpions in his brain; but that was long ago, before he was twenty; now he is thirty-four. He amuses himself sometimes with the girls. Valgame Dios! he has made hot tears flow.

This is the man who delights in the hatred of an Estenega for an Iturbi y Moncada, and sets himself to the task of conquering even the religion of the stately Chonita. Few American writers can put life into their lovers as Mrs. Atherton can, and the scenes in which this cultured Spaniard, eaten up with ambition, yet sacrificing even ambition to the desire of the woman, is the actor, are masterpieces. I have never read a sketch of a man which conveyed such impressions of force and individual distinction as this sketch of Estenega. Mrs. Atherton takes us to the heart, as well as to the head, of her creations. Not only is the personal magnetism of the man conveyed to us directly we meet him, but we follow the

slowly awakening passion of the woman, her struggle between the soul and the flesh, her fear of the truths of the faith, her rapture at the touch of the Spaniard; and there is no moment in the development when any side-note of thought jars upon us. Consistently and swiftly the romance goes to the end, and we put it down with the conviction that here, beyond doubt, is a novelist capable of singularly great achievements.

MAX PEMBERTON.

## MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE IN "DENISE."

Miss Olga Nethersole has made a very brilliant success in America with an English version of Alexandre Dumas' famous play, "Denise," prepared for her by Clement Scott, with the able assistance of Sir Augustus Harris. The play was originally produced in Birmingham, prior to the departure of Miss Nethersole, who is now engaged on a "starring" tour through the States. The character of Denise is that of the trusted counsellor and companion of the sister of a French Count. The Count falls in love with his young sister's friend, who feels bound in honour to tell him of an early shame, which is hidden from everyone but her mother, and gives this as the one terrible reason why she may not return the affection so tenderly bestowed. The father of Denise overhears the pitiful confession of the self-accusing girl, and swears that she shall be compelled to marry her seducer. But all ends happily, and the forgiving Count, just as Denise is about to seek peace in the retirement of a convent, finds he cannot live without her, and so the ruined maiden finds her sanctuary in the arms of the man she loves with all her heart.



MRS. ATHERTON.

\* "The Doomsman." By Gertrude Atherton. London: Hutchinson and Co.

## THE ART OF THE DAY.

To return to the consideration of the Royal Academy Exhibition of Old Masters, the portrait of the large room is a noble Titian, "Titian and Franceschini," which boasts a gravity and a depth of colour in the reds of the raiment and the splendid, deep shadows of its folds: the modelling



NOON ON A SUNNY DAY.—T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.  
Crystal Palace Art Union Prize.

and the instinct for noble character in the negatively dramatic expression of the faces are no less observant and expressively fulfilled. There hangs near to it the "Don Balthazar Carlos" by Velazquez, wonderful in its silvery tones and in the lovely painting of the hair. A Caracci, "Holy Family," is, among the great works of the exhibition, of a curiously fluent beauty and gracefulness. Near it hangs a Turner, "Blue Lights to Warn Steamboats off Shoal Water," which, apart from any other possible quality, reaches close to the very heart of poetry in paint. The portrait of "Mrs. Siddons as the 'Tragic Muse,'" by Sir Joshua, is placed near to prove that there are other great qualities besides this of pure poetry to be acquired and expressed in art. Shelley could write an "Alastor"; he could not write an "Antony and Cleopatra." The Sir Joshua, "Lady Susan Strangways, Lady Sarah Bunbury, and Charles James Fox," is a portrait composition which, in the hands of a lesser master, might have been a trifling and indifferently pretty work: it receives from the gift of this artist dignity and loveliness of colour and of human expression. Lastly, this room also possesses on its walls Gainsborough's famous "Blue Boy," which, as the whole world knows, is a gloriously vital work, solid, yet dashing, straight and living, yet overflowing with the effervescence which is too often—but not here—ephemeral in its effect. These things, perhaps, disguise what should be no less an obvious truth, that the blue is a trifle steely and cold upon the eye.

The last room contains specimens of Flemish, German, and Italian schools. Jansen's "Portrait of Francis le Neve" is a marvel of careful, conscientious, and frank, open work, without mystery or any immemorial quality. In the same order of work, though it is a far finer example, is Holbein's singularly complete and wonderfully painted portrait of Sir Thomas More. It has every quality possible to art save the quality of poetry. It is magnificent prose; but, none the less, it is prose. Among the work of various Italian schools is an extremely interesting "Flying Angel" by Masaccio. The figure is in flight, and luminous against a dark-blue background: it really flies, moves with speed through ether; but its special interest lies in what seems to you as a newly triumphant solution of a problem in foreshortening and aerial perspective; the triumph lies in a certain insistence and display of achieved effect which shows you, as it were, a living art in growth.

This has, in some way, indicated the aspect and character of what is, as a matter of course, a great exhibition. We must reserve for a future note the collection in the Water-Colour Room, which "is intended to illustrate the art of the English Sculptor-Goldsmith, chiefly in its relation to the production of Plate and other objects for the requirements of Ecclesiastical, Collegiate, and Corporate Institutions."

The eighth annual drawing of the Crystal Palace Art Union will take place on Friday week. Twenty prize pictures have been selected by the Committee, the first prize being a painting, value £100, entitled "Charge of Cuirassiers"; the second, a painting value £75, entitled "News of the War," by Mr. C. M. Webb; the third, a painting by Mr. T. Sidney Cooper, R.A., entitled "Noon on a Sunny Day," value £65; and the fourth, "On the Watch," by Mr. G. A. Holmes, R.B.A., value £45. The pictures are now on view in the South Nave of the Crystal Palace, opposite the concert-room, and a full list of the prizes, with all other information, may be had from Mr. C. W. Wass, the Superintendent of the Crystal Palace Picture Gallery. This day week is the last date for receiving subscriptions.

The next-to-impossible event of a sale of a Rembrandt neither cheap nor dear took place at Christie's a few days ago. The picture so sold went for the ridiculous price of 265 guineas. It is signed and dated, and represents a man crowned with a yellow turban, and attired in red and green. There can be no doubt that it is a fine work, and the reason, doubtless, of the moderate price paid for it is that, despite signature, date, and repute, there has been some diversity of opinion concerning its authenticity. It was exhibited as a Rembrandt, however, at the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition some thirty years ago.

The Lords of the Committee of Council on Education have directed the formation, at the Bethnal Green Museum, of a loan collection of examples of English furniture and figured silks of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which will be opened in April, in the galleries recently occupied by the National Portraits, which are now removed to Trafalgar Square. In order to ensure the formation of a thoroughly representative collection, the assistance has been invited of a number of gentlemen eminently qualified by their knowledge to advise with regard to these branches of industrial art, which still form, as they did in the past, the main handicrafts of the East of London. The Loan Collection will remain open for six months; and, in addition, the Bethnal Green Museum will be enriched by the generous loan by Sir Wollaston Franks of his collection of European porcelain, and by the Chantrey Bequest collection of pictures lent by the Royal Academy.

Mr. C. D. Gibson's "Drawings," published by John Lane, cannot be reproached with any deficiency of strength. Mr. Gibson has an admirably strong sense of line; he has a keen gift of satire, which he chiefly directs against the dangers and risks of matrimony. The



NEWS OF THE WAR.—C. M. WEBB.  
Crystal Palace Art Union Prize.

American girl naturally encounters most of the attack, and "Cupid Infelix" serves to point a multitude of scathing gibes. The book is a fine one; the compositions are good; its artist has breadth and boldness; but it is a little unhappy, and clouded by a certain sordid gloom.





THE AMERICAN GIRL ABROAD: SOME FEATURES OF THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET.



NO RESPECTER OF A WIDOW'S GRIEF.

FROM "DRAWINGS," BY C. D. GIBSON. PUBLISHED BY JOHN LANE, VIGO STREET, W.



MRS. DE ROHAN AS LADY TEAZLE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VAN DER WEYDE, REGENT STREET, W.



## BRITISH EMBASSY, CONSTANTINOPLE.

*Photographs by the Hon. W. Plunket.*

The Ambassadors Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary from the Court of St. James's to the Sublime Porte have made Pera their principal residence from the year 1581, when Elizabeth sent Sir Edward Harebone



THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT THERAPIA.

to represent her on the Bosphorus. For two and a-half centuries their Excellencies occupied houses the site of which is, for the most part, unknown, as they were, in turn, consumed by fire, that being the ultimate fate of all constructions, whether of wood or stone, in Constantinople—the mosques alone seeming to be exempt. The situation of the present building, the first erected specially for the use of the Ambassador, is one of the finest in the city. The palace is on the crest of a hill, standing higher than the residences of the other foreign representatives, and looks across the Golden Horn over the roofs of the Arsenal, the Admiralty, and the Powder Magazine, which line its nearer side. Beyond the water, and in full view of the windows, rise the most famous of the mosques of Stamboul, while, between the Embassy and the Horn, the Chrysokeras of Byzantine days, lies the district of Kassim Pasha, one of the principal

On the day in question, the *stationnaire* of the Embassy had left her moorings at the entrance of the Bosphorus and steamed away towards the Marmora, the officers being entertained at luncheon by Sir Henry Elliot, the then Ambassador, before their departure. Here they were pursued by messengers, bidding them return with all speed, as the whole of the quarter in which the palace was situated was in flames. Then followed a curious scene. The bluejackets, aided by an army of



THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT PERA.

hamals, flooded the great flat roof of the building with water, into which burning fragments from the wooden houses around fell hissing with increasing rapidity. Gradually the heat of the water rose to boiling-point, and the sailors, who had for some time past been performing involuntary hornpipes, retreated through a trap-door in the roof. Before this could be closed, the flames rushed after them, the wooden staircase was instantly devoured, and the whole of the upper part of the palace was consumed in a few minutes. The Ambassador then gave orders for all to leave the doomed building, and to confine their attention to transporting to a safer distance the furniture and pictures already removed. Avoiding the surging multitude in front, Sir Henry, his family, the *personnel* of the Embassy, and the members of the household, made their way through the postern gate at the end of the garden,



THE BALL-ROOM OF THE PERA EMBASSY.

scenes of the late Armenian riots. Still nearer, and immediately below the garden walls, are the stricken cypresses which mark out that desolate tract, the Turkish Cemetery of Pera. These trees are living witnesses of the great fire which reduced the Embassy to a mere shell a quarter of a century ago, as the current of hot air swept so fiercely through their branches that they have never recovered.



A CORRIDOR OF THE PERA EMBASSY.

carrying archives from the Chancery, plate from the Ambassador's table, and any portable objects of value on which they could lay hold. They were attended by as strong a guard of bluejackets and kavasses as could be spared, but even these could not prevent the crowd of Greeks and Levantines, always well to the fore on such occasions, who had made their way round to this point, from snatching at the articles borne in the

hands of the train. For some sessions the amount of the grant for the restoration of the Embassy was a question in Parliament, but the matter was at last decided, and Sir Henry Elliot, who still held his post, had the satisfaction of bringing the building, which had been reduced to a mere shell, to its present condition.



ALBANIAN GUARD AT THE EMBASSY.

The Embassy is constructed on the same lines as the Pitti Palace in Florence. Rising severe and substantial from its terraces, a high wall shutting it off from the mean district beyond, and a magnificent Albanian on guard at the gates, it has the look of a feudal residence. This idea is carried out by the massive doors, barred and clasped with iron, which form the entrance, and by the iron gratings which protect the whole of the lower windows. A huge square court, enclosed and glazed, forms the centre of the building. This has been filled with palms and divans by Sir Philip Currie, the present Ambassador, and is used for the receptions of the Ambassadress.

It was formerly left empty, and, while Lord Dufferin was Ambassador, an entertainment was given there in aid of ten thousand sufferers burnt out of house and home during another great conflagration, which, though raging in the same quarter, had the discretion to exhaust its fury without approaching the Embassy. A "Christmas-tree" from Mount Olympus, which soared high towards the roof, was the great feature on this occasion. A fine staircase of variegated marbles leads to the private apartments of the Ambassador, six of these opening into one another, and forming a fine vista when all the folding-doors are thrown back. A magnificent ball-room runs down one entire end of the building, while the billiard-room and the apartments of the



THE SULTAN'S MEMORIAL-STONE.

Secretary of the Embassy give on to the fourth side of the wide corridor which, paved with black and white tiles, encircles the inner court on the second floor.

CONSTANCE SUTCLIFFE.

#### MATCHLESS.

She is a matchless beauty,  
And that she can't forget.  
A match to make she's tried for years,  
But all in vain, so it appears  
That she is matchless yet.

Judge:

#### THE MAHARAJA OF MYSORE.

The official visit of the Viceroy, Lord Elgin, to Mysore, which was recently celebrated with much *éclat*, constituted the first public act in the life of the young Maharaja, who succeeded his father, known as "the model Prince of India," a year ago. The Maharaja has not yet reached his tenth birthday, and, during his minority, the government is carried on by his mother, the Maharani Vanivilas, C.I., and by the able and trusted minister of his predecessor, his Excellency Sir K. Sheshadri Iyer, K.C.S.I., who act together as co-regents. The young ruler was installed in power with the greatest ceremony, and in a special Kharita the Viceroy expressed his warm feelings of friendship, and his sincere hope that the young Prince would grow up worthy to take the place of his lamented father. At the same time, Lord Elgin sent the Maharaja a necklace, bearing a medallion of the Queen-Empress.

The name of this Prince is Krismaraja, and his full titles are Maharaja Krismaraja Wagayar Bahadur. His education has been



THE MAHARAJA OF MYSORE.

Photo by Brown, Bangalore.

entrusted to English as well as native tutors. The latest reports are that he shows great quickness in learning, and remarkable amiability of disposition. He can speak English as fluently as any boy of his age, and, in the more rapidly maturing East, he is as far advanced as English youths four or five years his seniors. The continuance of the careful training to which he is subjected, not only in intellectual but also in physical exercises, will qualify him for the high position to which he was born, and the experience and well-proved ability of Sir K. Sheshadri Iyer, who is certainly the foremost native administrator of the day, will ensure his succeeding, in due course, to the control of a full exchequer and a prosperous state. The relations between the supreme Government and the Mysore family have always been of a specially cordial nature, and, if appearances justify confidence, they are likely to remain so when this youthful prince takes over, in the course of time, the functions and duties of his late father. Mysore, as everybody knows, is a native state, surrounded by British territory. In size it is a little smaller than Scotland, although its population is bigger. It has had a troubled history; one great ruling house succeeded another in quick succession. In the eighteenth century the notorious Haidar took possession of the throne, but his dynasty was short-lived, ending in the defeat and death of his son Tipu at Seringapatam in 1799. Then a representative of the ancient Hindoo line was placed on the throne, but he proved so absolutely feeble that the British Government had to replace him, assuming authority in his name some sixty-five years ago. He died in 1868, leaving an adopted son, Chikka Krishna Arasu, who, like the present Prince, was a minor at the time, and during the whole pupillage the state was administered by British officers. The full sovereignty was handed over to him in 1881.



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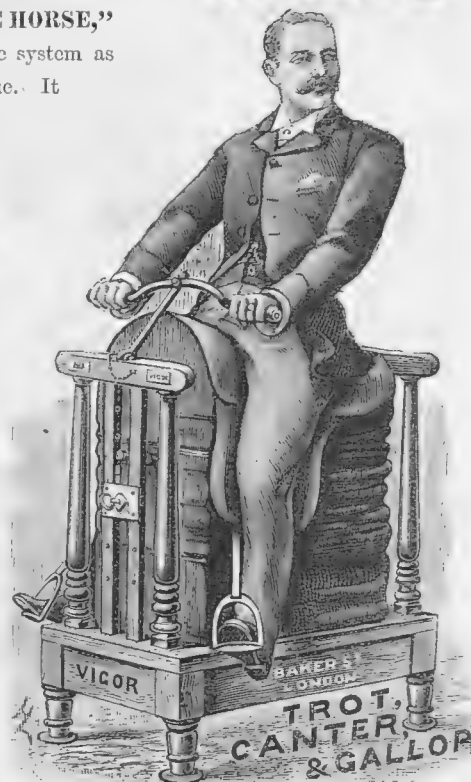
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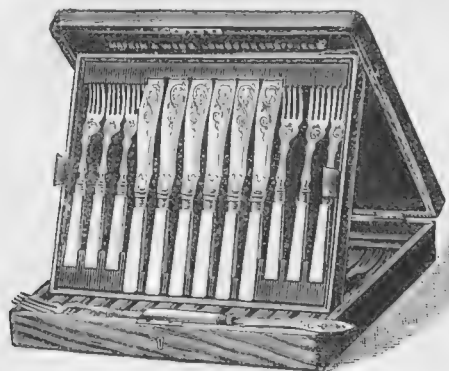
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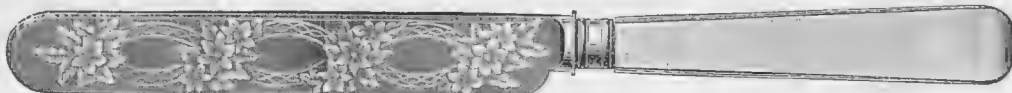
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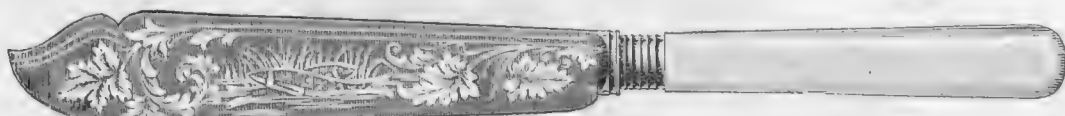


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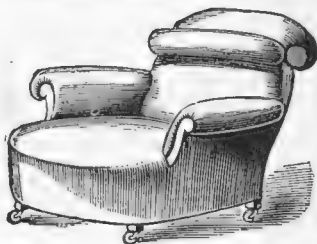
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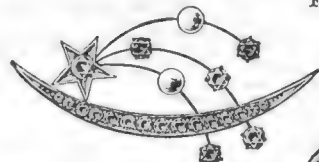
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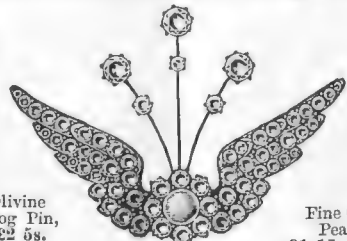
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## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

The excitement in the League Championships has not yet abated, nor is it likely to until it is possible to gauge for certain which teams are destined to finish up at the top of the poll. This fact is not likely to come to light for some considerable while yet, for the positions have undergone little variation.

But for the proverbial uncertainty of football, I should say that the tit-bit of next Saturday week's English Cup-ties should shed a light on the outcome of the First League Championship. This is the meeting of Derby County and Aston Villa, and, as the pair are due to meet the following week on the same ground, there will be ample opportunity for sampling form. I need hardly repeat that both these teams are still strong in the running for the honours—in fact, either of them or Everton are certain to finish up on top. The great difficulty at present is to anticipate which of the three it will be.

I have taken great pains to run through the programme of matches yet to be decided by the favourites in either division, and in anticipating the results. It seems to me that Everton has a very hard task in the premier class, and yet the form shown of late by this always prominent club is quite good enough to pull the team not only into first place, but without further defeat during the season. Still, brilliant form in football was ever deceptive. It will be found that no team has as yet sustained one style of play from September to April. Human nature comes in here to tell the usual tale. Players are not machines, and cannot be expected to turn out the same stuff week after week. It is just as well. If everything were nicely planned-out and calculated with exactness, there would be no excitement, no interest, probably no football. To my way of looking at it, Aston Villa should just beat Derby County for the First League, while Liverpool may probably head Manchester City in the final table of the Second League.

Next Saturday the second of the season's Rugby Internationals will be decided, Scotland making a first appearance in the field against Wales. It need hardly be said that the Scotties are anticipating the match with the utmost confidence. The fearfully weak display of Wales against England does not suggest a close finish here, it is true; but, all the same, let no one remain confident that Wales is sure to go down again. On one point we are all agreed, and that is that Wales will need to put a far different set of forwards into the field if they hope to cause a surprise. Mind you, I do not expect the Scottish pack to be quite so formidable as were the Englishmen, but, from what we have seen, it will be by no means below the usual strength. Forward play ever was the weakness with the Welshmen. So long as they could show unbounded superiority at back, they partly saved themselves; but now that the four three-quarter system is beginning to be comprehended in other countries, it is time for Wales to set about the task of altering their style.

After all is said and done, there is nothing like good hard scrummages to win Rugby matches.

Jan. 30 is the date fixed for the match in the Rugby County Championship between Surrey and Devon, and after a great deal of trouble, and, it must be confessed, ill-feeling, the teams tossed, and Surrey won, selecting Richmond. The fates seem to be fighting for the Southern county this season, and, although I do not expect them to quite get the Championship, I shall be very surprised if they do not make Devon; and then Yorkshire, go all the way.

Lieutenant Simpson will be known to Southerners as the hon. secretary of the London Football Association, and to Northerners as a League referee. In either capacity he is a valued member of the football community. Mr. Simpson was born in Nottingham between forty and fifty years ago, and was, in



LIEUTENANT SIMPSON.

Photo by Martin Jaccotte, South Kensington.

his time, a player of no mean ability. As a referee, he is like She, to be obeyed. By some, his extreme punctiliousness is apt to be deprecated, but there is no doubt that Lieutenant Simpson has done much to uphold the dignity of the game.

## GOLF.

I am informed that the annual meeting of the Disley Club is to be held next Saturday, on which day, by the way, Mr. Hutton's beautiful silver cup will be competed for.

The Roundhay Club professional, T. Renouf, the other day brought off a fine performance. Playing with Mr. E. H. Cunningham-Craig, he did the double round in seventy-two strokes, thus lowering his own record of seventy-six.

The following are a few golf meetings to be held this week end—

- Jan 25—Enfield Golf Club: Bógey Competition (Kenilworth Cup).  
 „ 25—Disley Golf Club: Annual Meeting.  
 „ 25—Timperley Golf Club: Captain's Cup, Monthly Competition.  
 „ 25—Cheadle Club: Fourth Winter Monthly Medal Competition.  
 „ 25—Royal Epping Forest Golf Club: Gordon Cup, Captain's Prize, Monthly Medal.  
 „ 25—Lytham and St. Anne's Club: Captain's Cup.  
 „ 25—Didsbury Club: Monthly Competition for Mr. Beith's prize.  
 „ 25—Balham Golf Club: Monthly Medal, Juniors.

## CRICKET.

The news that the counties had decided on a reduction of the number of matches necessary as a qualification for inclusion in the County Championship has given universal satisfaction. Readers of this page will not need to be reminded that I was one of the first to advocate this course. I do not claim that it effectively does away with the whole difficulty, but what I do maintain is that it was the only logical escape from a perilous situation.

As I have remarked more than once, it would have been simply monstrous if Essex and Leicestershire had been ousted from the County Championship. I still think that some of the wealthy clubs, which need not be specified by name, have behaved very shabbily in the matter. Essex, in their first Championship year, did very well indeed, and gave great promise of better things to come. The visit of the Australians should not have affected the big counties to the extent of refusing matches to the little ones. Unfortunately, sport is, year by year, being dominated by money. It is, of course, painfully true that more than one of the counties are in sad financial straits, and are relying upon matches with the Australians to pull them through! I am pleased to see that a big effort is to be made to get Notts out of their terrible difficulties.

## BILLIARDS.

If there is one sport in which England can boast a real champion it is billiards—otherwise known as “the fascinating game of the green cloth.” The difference between John Roberts junior and all contemporary players is scarcely to be estimated. The fact is, no man can tell for certain of what John Roberts is capable and of what he is not. It is true that he occasionally fails to successfully cede the tremendous starts he has to allow, but competent followers of the game accept these defeats with reserve.

It must have been noticed that billiards during the last year or two has made wonderful advancement. A year or two ago a spot-barred break of 400 or so would have excited the amazement of all followers of the game. Then Roberts went one—several hundreds better by getting to within 700. At that time there was no appreciable improvement in his contemporaries, who were much of a muchness. Last year Roberts achieved what he had been threatening to accomplish for some time, and not only exceeded the 1000, but repeated the performance after a short interval. Now, 400 is a by no means uncommon break with many of Roberts's compeers. Both Dawson and Diggle have gone over the 600, and these two are now the nearest attendants to Roberts at the spot-barred game. Peall is, of course, still *facile princeps* with the spot stroke allowed. As a matter of fact, no one now seems inclined to question his tremendous superiority. One thing is very evident, and that is, that the spot-stroke game has completely lost its attractiveness for the spectator.

## ROWING.

The University Boat Race is already being brought to our recollection. It has just been decided that this, one of the most real sporting events of the season, shall take place on March 28, at about 1 p.m. It will afford general satisfaction that a Saturday will once more be utilised.

As usual, Cambridge have been the first to get afloat, and already the Light Blues have put in a fair amount of work. It is possible that Cambridge will have a much better chance this year than they had last, though it is, of course, yet too early to speak with confidence. The following is the eight as at present constituted—

	st.	lb.
D. Pennington (Caius) (bow)	12	4½
H. A. Game (First Trinity)	12	4½
E. J. D. Taylor (Caius)	13	1
R. Y. Bonsey (Lady Margaret B.C.)	12	10
W. A. Bieber (Trinity Hall)	12	9
T. J. G. Duncanson (Emmanuel)	13	9
A. S. Bell (Trinity Hall)	11	7½
W. J. Fernie (Trinity Hall) (stroke)	12	2½
T. R. Paget Tomlinson (Trinity Hall) (cox.)	8	0

## ATHLETICS.

The New York Athletic Club's Board of Governors have considered the charges of conduct unbecoming a member preferred against E. F. Haubold and C. H. Allen, who had participated in the attack on the British flag in the club-house prior to the international meeting between the New York A.C. and the L.A.C. After a very careful examination of the whole case, the Board decided to suspend Haubold and Allen for a period of six months.

OLYMPIAN.

## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Prince of Wales has been very liberal in the matter of entries this spring, and it is certain his Royal Highness thinks he owns some good horses at last. I don't see how Florizel II. can win the Ascot Gold Cup so long as Victor Wild keeps on his legs. At the same time, I have heard, on what I consider to be undeniable authority, that, if the Royal Hunt Cup Race last year had been twenty yards farther, Clorane would have won not by a short head only, but by two lengths, as Victor Wild was all out. Of course, people are asking what weight Clorane will be given for the Lincoln Handicap. Some say it should be quite 9 st. 13 lb.

I am very glad to hear that a respectable sum has already been collected towards the testimonial to be presented to Mr. Thomas Pickernell, who lives in retirement at Kemp Heath, near Birmingham, and is, I am glad to learn, enjoying fairly good health just now. Mr. Pickernell, known to racegoers as "Mr. Thomas," was the most celebrated steeplechase-rider of his day. He rode in nineteen Grand Nationals in succession, and was successful in three of them. In addition, he rode during his long career quite one thousand winners the world over. Mr. Pickernell began to ride in Tasmania in 1853, and, after winning fifty or sixty races there, he returned to England, where he soon began to shine between the flags. "It is somewhat remarkable, though riding in the Grand National every year," says the *Dart*, of Birmingham, "it was not until 1871 that he again scored a win, when he rode Lord Poulett's *The Lamb*, which, steered by George Ede, had won the same race two years previously. It was a remarkable circumstance that gave 'Mr. Thomas' the mount on *The Lamb*. Shortly before the race, he received the following letter from Lord Poulett—



MR. THOMAS PICKERNELL.  
Photo by Whitlock, Birmingham.

(Private.)  
Army and Navy Club, Thursday Night,  
December 15th, 1870.

MY DEAR TOMMY,—Let me know for certain if you can ride for me for Liverpool, on *The Lamb*. I dreamt twice last night I saw the race run. The first dream he was last, and finished among the carriages. The second dream—I should think an hour afterwards—I saw the Liverpool run. He won by four lengths, and you rode him, and I stood above the winning-post, at the turn. I saw the cerise-and-blue sleeves, and you, as plain as I write this. Now let me know as soon as you can, and say nothing to anyone.—Yours sincerely, POULETT."

Mr. Pickernell continued to ride, with more or less success, until at Sandown, in the April of 1877, he met with a mishap that put a summary period to his riding. A fall, curiously enough, in a race on the flat, resulted in the fracture of his jawbone in three places. He lay insensible for five days, and recovered to find his eyesight partially destroyed. This ended the professional career of the most celebrated gentleman rider of his time. Unfortunately, Mr. Pickernell embarked some of his savings in speculations that did not turn out well, and he found himself last summer in reduced circumstances. Luckily, as I have said before, his old friends came to the rescue, and it is hoped his financial difficulties will soon be ended.

The game of hide-and-seek seems to be part of the programme of the Grand National this year. Some owners are continually changing their horses from this stable to that. To-day Grand National candidates are doing galloping work on the South Coast. To-morrow they may be in the North of England. I shall not be surprised to hear of ground-mixed trials directly. All the same, I hope the owners, if there are any who want to farm the race, will get their little *coup* spoiled by some dark outsider, one of which I know just now who is very likely to run well.

Notwithstanding wars and rumours of wars of late, racing in this country goes on as usual, and, what is more, the Yankee owners are patronising us plentifully. The South African millionaires keep their racing-studs in England; so, by-the-bye, do Germans and Austro-Hungarians. Truly the sage who told us all were equal on the Turf and beneath it spoke words of truth. Any foreigner who wants to have a go for any or all of our big stakes is quite welcome to do so; but we must presently stipulate for Free Trade in racing matters, so far, at least, as France is concerned.

I have always advocated free race-cards. To meet the additional cost, Clerks of Courses might do as Mr. Dorling already does, let advertisement spaces on the cards. If they want a little additional profit, they ought certainly to let the number-boards, between the races, as advertisement hoardings. This would bring in a large sum, especially at Epsom, where the board ought to fetch a thousand pounds for the Derby week at least.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Morton Luce has written "A Handbook to the Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson" (Bell). Did we want anything of the kind? Outwardly, it has very much the appearance of Mrs. Sutherland Orr's Browning Handbook, but inwardly there is not much likeness. After all, if Browning was to be read in anything like completeness by the average person, some kind of friendly hints to comprehension were necessary. But Tennyson is rarely obscure; and, therefore, the compiler of the Handbook has to find other work to do than guessing hard riddles for us. It gives Mr. Luce a grand chance for his eloquence, such a chance as only pulpit preachers of lengthy sermons from little texts enjoy as a rule. And he has made the most of it. "Tears, Idle Tears" has not only a note in its due chronological place, but an Appendix devoted to itself of eight and a-half pages! And on the seventh page one reads, "I have done little more than conduct the student-lover of Tennyson to the threshold of this beautiful building of song; but doubtless he will enter in, and survey the glory of the interior for himself." But we had been inside it long ago, and our visits were brief. The inside of the "beautiful building," to use a very inapt description, never seemed to us a place for long and vulgar staring. Oh, keep us from being "student-lovers"! And preserve good poets from the knowledge of that reverence that never kept company with humour. But Mr. Luce thinks that poetry and humour make a *mésalliance*. He finds "Walking to the Mail" "a little broad." In his preface, he speaks of his work as being designed not only for the general reader, but for schools and colleges. Does a Miss Pinkerton's or a Dr. Blinker's exist in these lax, frivolous days? If so, the hearts of the principals will be uplifted as they peruse Mr. Morton Luce.

One of the best novels I have met with for a long time is "The Wrong Man" (Blackwood). The writer is the lady whose name used to be D. Gerard. It is not the main incidents nor their treatment that rouse particular admiration or kindle exceptional interest, though, looked at any way you choose, it is very much above the average. Its best power is expended on minor scenes and characters. These are eccentric, and the exhibition of eccentrics by anyone who is not in some way a master generally ends in a ghastly failure. There is no failure here. Radford's visit to the Galician village household wakes you up and takes hold of you. He has so seriously wounded the eldest son, Stepan, in a frivolous duel as to unfit him henceforth for the military profession in which he would certainly have distinguished himself. Stepan was the only hope of his poor family. Radford went to see them, burning to expiate his folly by any sacrifice, and even courting reproaches. But they bring the samovar; they are quite composed; one says it was fated, another, a worse evil might have befallen him, and a third has actually entered into peace by literally resigning himself always to the Heavenly Will. They will not reproach him, and the reality of their fatalism comes with as hard a shock as their bitterest reproaches would have done. This is not the main scene. There is a love-story, and there are gayer characters than the Galician peasants. But this is the portion the book will be remembered by.

Of all the modern English re-tellers of folk-tales, Sir George Dasent is the prince. He gave his Norse Tales a true English idiom, without ever vulgarising them. With the exception of Grimm's collection, and those stories that one somehow never hears for the first time, like "Jack the Giant-Killer" and "Cinderella," none appeal so immediately or make so definite an impression on English children's minds, while there are a good many native classics that older folks would sooner lose than these sturdy and original imaginings of the Northern folk-poets. The old favourite recurs to one's mind at the sight of Messrs. Gibbings's new issue of a less well-known volume of Dasent's "Tales from the Fjeld." Some of these, as the translator says, "are rather the harvest of popular experience than mythical tales; and, on the whole, the character of this volume is more jocose and less poetical than that of its predecessor." True, the Norse Tales are greater; but I want nothing altered in this second collection, with its good spirits, shrewd common-sense, and its irrepressible and irresistible humour. The illustrations have been expressly made for this edition.

We have been given another anthology. We did not need one. The perfect collection is impossible, and the good ones are numerous. But it is easy to forgive this kind of book-making. We feel the editor has been too well employed in a world full of temptations to be busy over more profitless things. And, besides, who has not the intention of making the perfect one some day himself? So Mr. Oswald Crawford's "Lyrical Verse from Elizabeth to Victoria" (Chapman and Hall) should be sympathetically welcomed as another agreeable stimulus to the reading of poetry. It is an individual selection quite evidently; by "the best and most characteristic" lyric of each poet, Mr. Crawford means the one he likes best—a very different thing; and, as a whole, the anthology is rather more unhackneyed than it is exquisite. But some queer idea of systematic arrangement haunted the editor, and made him group his lyrics under Elizabeth, James I., and so on, according to the Sovereign under whom each fulfilled thirty years of his age. The plan "works out oddly," Mr. Crawford owns. The truth is, it works out so ridiculously that it has to be broken in at least one important case, and in the next edition he should omit the reign divisions. But he does not mind doing odd things. The copyright restrictions and the question of space have raised difficulties about the lyrics of the present reign, so he has been content to represent the recent nest of singing-birds by three poems of Emily Brontë and two of Father Prout!



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## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## THE DRESSES OF "MICHAEL'S LOST ANGEL."

It generally happens, it seems to me, that feminine bad angels are blessed with one undeniably good quality, and that is, a perfect taste in dress, or, perhaps, to be more correct, a most perfectly discerning taste in dressmakers; and the latest theatrical "bad angel," Audrie Lesden,



MISS MARION TERRY IN "MICHAEL AND HIS LOST ANGEL" (ACT I.).

is no exception to the rule, for she has called upon Mrs. Mason to aid her in the subjugation of the Rev. Michael in particular and the feminine portion of the audience at the Lyceum in general.

And Mrs. Mason has provided her with five entirely irresistible gowns—one for each of the five acts which tell the story of "Michael and his Lost Angel," and each one so lovely that even yet I have not succeeded in weighing their rival fascinations in the balance.

And first, then, through the half-opened window of the vicarage parlour, with a hedge overrun with wild roses as a background, let me introduce you to a dress which illustrates the glorification of the buttercup. I never had such a respectful admiration for this simple field-flower as when I saw it clustering in profusion between guarding bows of leaf-green satin ribbon on Audrie's, or rather, Miss Terry's, black velvet hat, and noted the grace of the long-stalked sprays, which are embroidered on the filmy white lisse of the dress. The yellow of their petals is reproduced in the knots of satin ribbon which catch up the transparent fulness of the elbow-sleeves and finish the corsage in front just beneath the yoke of lace insertion, and there is a satin waistband, too, with long sash-ends falling far down the left side. As for the skirt, it floats out over an under-skirt of yellow satin, its filmy border merging into a narrow edging of satin woven in with the stuff, and, to complete the pretty picture, there is a befrilled sunshade of white chiffon, with the yellow ribbon appearing on the handle.

Altogether, one of those costumes in whose apparent simplicity there lurks the most perfect, and withal, most expensive art.

But simplicity is not the characteristic of the second dress, which is worn in the lonely island shrine—it is a revel of colour, a wonder of shimmering green and blue, and, for a moment, I thought that superstition had been defied and the idea completed by a peacock hat; but subsequent investigation and inquiry revealed the fact that the wonderful

headgear was covered with the entire plumage of a bird rejoicing in the name of the Lophophore, and belonging to the family of the Impeyan pheasant.

The shining brim is slightly curved in front, and turned up sharply at the back with a bow of green velvet, while the bird's head peers out over the crown between radiating fans of shining aigrettes. The cloak of dark-blue satin—with a frill of blue chiffon over one of bright-green chiffon falling round the neck and over the shoulders, and peeping out again from the puffs of the full sleeves—opens over a skirt of blue-and-green shot glacé, with a bodice of the double chiffon. Its soft fulness is held in at the yoke by an appliqué of éceru lace, the puffings breaking out between the points, and the same idea being carried out in the collar.

Just at the end of the scene my admiration was divided between the dress, and the sunset which turned the sea and sky to a molten glory, and then faded and darkened till light came through the long, latticed windows again with the silvery gleams of a pale new moon.

After this somewhat weird beauty, we come back to the peaceful charm of the vicarage parlour, and a delightful study in grey and mauve in the shape of a skirt of the richest and most silvery grey ondine silk, wedded to a bodice where the front breaks into a foam of cloudy chiffon, which is held in bounds by three broad bands of mellow-tinted lisse, with an appliqué design in lace of tiny shamrock-leaves and a wee edging, also of lace. The doubly puffed sleeves, too, are of the chiffon, which floats out from between other bands of the appliqué lisse; and then there is a waistband of mauve mirror-velvet, drawn downwards in the front, where a bunch of violets is tucked in at the right side. Miss Terry's



MISS MARION TERRY IN ACT-III.

toque is of grey velvet, set round with about half-a-dozen bunches of violets, and her delicate grey suede gloves are the last notes in this minor chord of colouring.

When, in the fourth act, she comes into the Minster, where the moonlight shines through the great stained-glass window, she wears an evening-dress which is wisely very simple. Had it been otherwise, it would inevitably have jarred and made a trying scene almost dangerous. It is made of white satin, the skirt and puffed sleeves quite plain, and the corsage, with its softening folds of chiffon about the *décolletage*,

embroidered in front with silver sequins and flashing diamonds. Over this she has thrown an apple-green velvet cloak, bordered with fur, and lined with white satin. Her frivolous companion, as played by Miss Henrietta Watson, wears a more pronounced evening-dress, which, in the somewhat deceptive moonlight, seemed to me to be a tender-grey satin, the curious and most effective cape-sleeves, which fall in a series of points, being lined with yellow, while the bodice is covered with string-coloured lace, which forms the background for some elaborate embroidery, studded thickly with many coloured jewels. The sleeves, which liberally display the beautifully rounded shoulders, are drawn into a band of this same effective embroidery; and Miss Watson wears a smart full cape of black satin, its two frills lined with white satin.

And in the last scene of all, which is played out in the cold, bare reception-room of the Italian monastery, its chilly stoniness made all the more striking by contrast with the sunlit glory of the landscape outside, the ill-fated heroine wears a clinging black robe, which, with every staggering step, gives a lightning flash of steely blue, or a moonlight gleam of silver, while, through the soft, misty blackness of the chiffon sleeves, the arms shine out whitely.

As to the fashions in front of the footlights on that first night, there was one very notably pretty cape of forget-me-not blue satin, with a ruffled collar entirely composed of dark-hued violets, while all over it was scattered a shower of the same pretty flowers; eventually settling down into a thickly set border, the necessary warmth being provided by a lining of ermine.

A pale-pink satin dress had a skirt-trimming of fans of old lace and clusters of violets, the bodice being entirely covered with the lace, which was slightly draped towards the shoulder-straps of satin, and caught together by trails of violets, the puffed sleeves commencing and ending in close proximity to the elbow. Evidently the almost perfect shoulders which this particular style demands were not in the majority, for I noticed only about half-a-dozen other dresses with these tardily arriving sleeves, one of the most effective being in white satin, with three chains of pearls over the shoulder, while another had broad straps of openwork jet to hold on the foamy black chiffon bodice. Most effective of all was a yellow satin dress, with scarves of white lace falling from either side of the deep black satin waistband, while three festooned chains of small cut-jet beads were drawn round the arms and over the bust, and connected with jet shoulder-straps, and then, far down the arms, came the sleeves of black-and-white striped silk. These sleeves were quite unique, and no words could convey an adequate idea of their shape.

Mrs. Chamberlain's simple attire was in most striking contrast to these somewhat extreme styles. She looked very sweet and girlish, with her hair drawn softly back from the face—which was a little flushed by the reception accorded to her husband—and her dress of black velvet, cut open slightly at the neck, where some lovely old lace was arranged in fichu fashion. She wore no ornaments of any kind.

And now, as all the excitement—as far as things theatrical are concerned—is practically over for the time, we have got time to think—an undesirable leisure it seems to me, for most people seem to be spending it in finding out that they are not feeling well, and in carefully laying their various ailments at the door of the Clerk of the Weather, who certainly has been most trying lately.

Everybody seems to have something the matter with them, and everybody appears to think that he, she, or they must have some very special remedy, so, perhaps through force of example, I have fallen into the same way of thinking.

Or rather, I had, for, if you choose your remedy aright, as I did, you will shortly discard your smoke-coloured glasses for others of a distinctly rosy hue, through which the world in general will look doubly attractive.

The only thing to do is to keep up your strength, and one of the surest and easiest ways to fortify yourself against all the ills and ailments which seem crowding upon us just now is to go in for a course of the "Standard Malt Extract." It is good for anyone and everyone under all circumstances, and the quality which impresses me even more than its absolute purity is its entire freedom from anything objectionable in the way of taste. I fancy, too, that this will appeal to a goodly number of you, my readers, and I flatter myself on the introduction I have effected between you, though an even more desirable acquaintance is the combination of "Standard Malt Extract" and cod-liver oil, where the taste of this most valuable, but usually most nauseous, of medicines is absolutely disguised.

In fact, it is one of those things which must make us offer up fervent thanks to Providence for casting our lot in these modern days, when inventive genius seems to make everything possible, and to smooth away the rough places before our very eyes.

I positively felt that I had been born too soon the other day, when, after witnessing the astounding spectacle of a small child docilely and even willingly imbibing a dose of castor oil, I discovered the cause of this effect on the label of the bottle, which bore the legend, "Mitchell's Pure Tasteless Cold-Drawn Castor Oil." When I remembered sundry days of my own childhood, rendered vividly distinct by the blackness of anguish which the mere mention of the dreaded name had occasioned, I could almost have felt aggrieved to think that the life of the modern child has been robbed of one of its greatest terrors, while I had been one of the suffering martyrs of the old time. However, I bear no ill-will, and so I will tell all anxious inquirers that these three desirable preparations can be obtained from all druggists', stores, &c.

Nobody likes nasty things, and so you will all want to get these, which are both good and nice, a combination which is not always to be found easily.

FLORENCE.

## MR. FREDERIC UPTON IN HIS ELEMENT.

The New Lyric Club has joined hands with its parent and godmother, the Old Lyric, affectionately remembered for its charming little dinner-parties in "The Cabin," "The Bamboo Room," and the general dining-rooms, while its delightful concerts left very little indeed to be desired. The "slump" consequent on and illustrative of "how *not* to run a supper-club" has been bridged over, and we now face a committee who evidently intend to revert to the *régime* which gave a special *cachet* to the entertainments, gastronomic and musical, distinguishing the Old Lyric. In short, "Philip is himself again."

Mr. Frederic Upton is the concert director of the Wednesday Ladies' Nights, given monthly, and of the weekly "smokers," at the New Lyric.

"Fred Upton" is such an old friend and such a delightful entertainer that I have little need to introduce him to the readers of *The Sketch* (writes one of our representatives). *En rapport* with the most distinguished members of the musical and dramatic professions, his own genius seems to have acquired greater brilliancy by such contact; and he is ever ready to acknowledge his indebtedness to the musical profession for allowing him to be associated with it for so many years. I do not suppose there is anyone who "goes out" who does more entertainment work in drawing-rooms, besides concerts and "smokers," than Mr. Upton. His charm of style and method of thought consists in its originality, while he has succeeded in making the recitation a thing sought after rather than a thing to be shunned. Over a cigar he remarked to me one afternoon, after his return from Hatfield, where he had been assisting in entertaining a large houseful of the Prime Minister's guests—

"The Old Lyric supplied a want, as I hope will also the New. Professional people especially, and, indeed, the social world too, must manage to circumvent the ridiculous Excise laws unless they are to go supperless to bed. However, such matters are mere bagatelles compared with the incalculable service that such a club as this does for budding talent and the providing of amusement for its members. There are many roses of musical excellence which might, except for the opportunities this club presents, bloom unrecognised. Of course, voices are tried in advance of the singers' appearances on the platform, and here, where there is a piano in almost every room, any vocal talent has a fair opportunity of a 'preliminary canter.' Many of the American artists who are now well known to fame made their *début* at the Old Lyric, and, I know, would corroborate what I say."

"I should think your own particular style of recitation would be immensely popular in the States?"

"So I'm told by the Americans I meet, with the exception of Mr. Marshall P. Wilder, who has warned me against certain failure."

"You have struck out as a drawing-room entertainer such a very distinctive line that I should be glad if you would give me your views."

"Well, it must be more years ago than I care to count that I took to endeavouring to reproduce Bellevue's splendid delivery of his favourite recitations; and I also availed myself of many of Burnand's and Bret Harte's sketches. Apropos of the editor of *Punch*, I remember reciting to him one of his own 'bits,' written years before. His laugh was thoroughly genuine—the father had not recognised his own child. It is often conversely quite as difficult. However, in time I got rather tired of mutilating and condensing other people's work—and you must generally do that to tell your story smartly and crisply—so I took to writing my own sketches. The first of these came about in this way. I was asked, almost at a moment's notice, to give something new at the club-quarters of the Lyric at Barnes one Sunday night. I suppose I was in the vein, for it took me not more than twenty minutes to write my first sensational novel, 'The Tragedy.' It 'caught on' so well that I was encouraged to produce 'The Grandfather,' 'The Secret,' 'The Garden,' and 'The Luncheon.' I don't believe in the tragic style, which invariably empties a room—or worse, bores it."

"Tell me about your duologues?"

"Practically, I suppose I introduced these to drawing-rooms. And I venture to think they are useful. You see, there is no need of scenery or properties. A couple of chairs is generally sufficient. The reason why Mrs. Upton and I have been so successful in these is, I think, because there is a sympathy objective and subjective when a husband and wife act together, and one can produce better art in consequence. Perhaps you know Mrs. Upton has not been on the professional stage, though for some years she played professionally with amateurs."

"You take a great interest in the success of the New Lyric?"

"Yes, indeed; and we intend to level up the tone of the concert programme—the mere *réchauffé* of the halls used to be rather wearisome."



MR. FREDERIC UPTON.

Photo by Hana, Strand.





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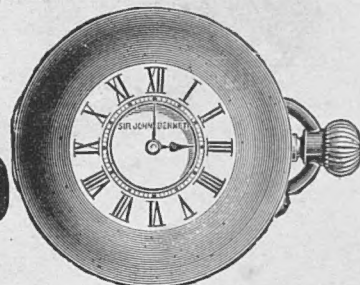
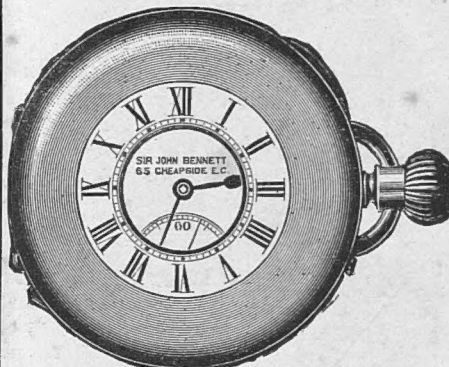
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## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 27.*

## HOME RAILWAY RESULTS.

One by one the Home Railways are declaring their dividends for the second half of 1895, and the results have been highly satisfactory, so far as they have gone up to the time of writing.

Not only are the distributions announced better than those for the corresponding half-year in 1894, but they are better than people had been looking for in most instances. This is particularly encouraging, as it implies there has been a reduction in expenditure, and that bodes well for the current half-year. Accordingly, there has sprung up a very active demand for Home Railway stocks, and they look like going much better.

With trade improving as it is, traffics will increase week by week, and the public is just in the mood for taking a strong speculative interest in Home Railways. The fortnight that has already elapsed has begun the new half-year well, for the North-Eastern shows a gain of £27,000, the North-Western £29,000, the Great Western £20,000, the Lancashire and Yorkshire £14,500, the South-Western £10,500, and so on. If this start be lived up to, there is a good rise yet in the Home Railway market.

The most interesting of the dividend declarations has been that of the Brighton Company, because it contained a surprise in the shape of a very heavy carry-forward—as much as £20,000. People had been looking for 6½ per cent. on the Deferred, but the Board elected to pay only 6 per cent., as before, and retain a big balance in hand. When the report came out, the explanation was found in the fact that fresh capital is to be issued—£660,000 in Ordinary stock—which will realise about a million. This money is required for the widening of the line at various points, and will, therefore, be well spent; but, as a matter of fact, most of it has been paid away in advance, and accordingly the shareholders will not long have respite from yet another issue. Indeed, powers are being asked for the raising of £300,000 more in share capital, and £100,000 in Debenture stock.

Heavier interest charges are, therefore, to be counted on in the future, and the directors appear to have acted very prudently in not dividing up to the hilt. As the carry-forward at the end of 1894 was only £7300, the expected extra ¼ per cent. could have been paid at the end of 1895, and a similar balance brought into the current year, but the £13,000 additional which has been carried forward will be better applied in meeting the new charges. It would have been very pleasant to get the higher dividend this time, but it is better to lose that than to lose heavily in the capital value of one's stock, owing to fear of a reduced dividend at the end of June.

In the South-Eastern dividend not much interest has centred, because it was a foregone conclusion, owing to the fact of the company's publishing monthly revenue statements, from which its position can always be gauged. Still, the 2½ per cent. distributed on the Deferred for the year is none the less satisfactory in the circumstances, for it compares against 2 per cent. in 1894, only 1½ per cent. in 1893, and 2 per cent. in 1892. The road is thus making headway, however slowly, the agreement with the Chatham, no doubt, assisting.

We do not see why the dividend should not soon reach at least as high as the 3½ per cent. paid in 1890, for it was the foolish fighting with the Chatham that caused the profits to fall away. It is painful to see the present low yield, when it is remembered that, only fifteen years ago, the holders of South-Eastern Deferred were obtaining 6 per cent. per annum, and, in those days, the price was as high as 136½.

Of all the announcements yet made, that of the Great Eastern is certainly the most excellent, and it bears out the opinion many expert observers have expressed, that the Great Eastern's policy of vigorous extension will prove a very remunerative speculation. It has been the fashion to scoff at the Great Eastern's enormous expenditure at Liverpool Street and elsewhere, and to predict that the management was buying white elephants. But the effect of the slight revival in trade has been so pronounced in the case of the Great Eastern, that it looks as if the directors were to be justified much sooner than even they themselves expected.

The 4 per cent. declared is the best result the railway has yet achieved for the second half-year. The same distribution was made for the second half of 1889 and 1890, but then the profits fell away until 1¼ was all the board could pay for the second half of 1893. That the 4 per cent. has been now resumed, in spite of the heavy capital expenditure during the past few years, is a very creditable result. But it is still more creditable when it is remembered that as much as £50,000 is carried forward. This is as much as the balance at the end of 1894, when the dividend was only 2½ per cent., so that it has not been by a too prodigal division of profits that the 4 per cent. has been achieved. We venture to predict a much higher value for Great Easterns this year than that which has ruled of late.

Although the Sheffield Company has fallen on evil days, yet it makes a very different showing now than it did as recently as the second half of 1893, when it actually had to default on seven of its preference charges. This time it distributes 1¼ per cent. on the Ordinary, as against 1½ per cent. for the corresponding half-year. The present distribution is the best since 1889, so that even the Sheffield Company, with all its burdens, is showing a fair response to the trade revival. Moreover, the board has been able to place £7000 to the reserve formed for the purpose of preventing such a catastrophe as the 1893 default mentioned above. As there is still left £4247 to carry forward, as against £2537, the road has really earned 2 per cent. on its Ordinary stock; and, as things go, this is not at all bad.

## HOME INDUSTRIALS.

The improvement in trade which has so materially helped the railway companies is pretty sure to assist the sound industrial concerns, such as, shall we say, by way of example, Bovril, Limited, Price's Candle Company, Ely Brothers, Limited, and the like?

The directors of the first-named company have already declared an interim dividend for the half-year ended Dec. 31, 1895, at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum. For the corresponding period in 1894, the interim dividend was at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, for the corresponding period in 1893 at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum.

This very satisfactory increase in the profits of the company is a fair indication of its prosperity. "Bovril" seems to have established itself as an indispensable article of diet; and the public confidence in this preparation is, doubtless, strengthened by the fact that the company is presided over by the Right Hon. Lord Playfair, G.C.B., LL.D., perhaps the best living authority on dietetics. We are given to understand that the importance of "Bovril" has not been overlooked by Government authorities in preparing for the possible emergencies of the recent Imperial crisis, large orders, if report is to be trusted, having been given to the company both for the Army and Navy. There is room for a rise in the shares of one or two pounds each.

Of course, the gun and warlike store concerns like Hotchkiss, Maxim-Nordenfolt, Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., and the like, are all as busy as they can be, and we know the bulk of the breweries have had a good half-year, not only on account of the cheapness of material, but in many cases because, in addition, the sales have largely increased.

Whatever we may think of "war booms" or "mining booms," there can be no doubt that we are in for a "cycle boom," for all the leading manufacturing and tyre companies, like Elswick, Humber, the Coventry Machinists', Dunlop's, &c., are working even now, during the off season, night and day, to keep pace with the demand, and, as soon as the spring fairly sets in, it will be impossible for many of the higher-class makers to turn out enough machines. A judicious selection among Home Industrial shares, with a distribution of risks among various trades, should certainly be profitable in the coming year, always assuming that the political situation does not become more dangerous, as to the risk of which our readers can judge with as much chance of being right as ourselves.

## THE BARNATO BANK.

In his methods Mr. B. J. Barnato is sometimes injudicious; but few will doubt his good intentions, and none his pluck. It was a pity that he used the title "Bank" for the financing institution whose full name is the Barnato Bank Mining and Estate Corporation. Another mistake, and a graver one, was the placing of its capital on the market through syndicates instead of in the orthodox manner. Mr. Barnato himself would be the first to admit this; in fact, he practically did so when he referred to the flotation of the company, and emphatically disclaimed responsibility for the extravagant premiums which were bid for the shares at the outset.

Among the immense crowd which packed the Great Hall at the Cannon Street Hotel, no doubt, there were some who, like Balaam, came to curse, but remained to bless—or, at all events, went away thinking that ere long they would be in a position to do so. The frank explanations given on every point that had been raised disarmed opposition. To a leading firm of brokers he sold a large block of shares at £1 premium. Everybody wanted to get some; everybody thought that, if he sent his order to reach his broker by the first post on the day the syndicates put the shares on the market, he was sure to get in at bed-rock price. Of course, this was idiotic, but that was not Mr. Barnato's fault; and, moreover, he did not get the profit.

Avowedly then, and repeated with equal frankness now, he got £1 premium. Since then there has been a period of the most acute political trouble, centring in the very spot where most of the company's interests are located; and yet the price has fallen much less from Mr. Barnato's selling-price than other values in the Rand. On this point he insisted, and was surely justified in doing so, notwithstanding the indiscreetness of the mode of issue.

That the title "Bank" was a misnomer is evident from Mr. Barnato's own comparison of the institution with the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company. As he described the functions of the latter, they correspond much more closely to those of bank than those of the Barnato Bank so-called. And the very idea of the two being amalgamated, which was also frankly admitted, sustains the same view—"Knowing that every word I say will be used against me, I will give you this assurance, that, although my colleagues are in favour of bringing about the amalgamation, I do not intend to bring about a fusion of interests until I have the sanction, and the unanimous sanction, of the shareholders of both concerns." This, from the man who holds a controlling interest in both, and who expressly challenges future reference to his assurance, is the speech either of a vain braggart or of a man who will see the thing through, if pluck and energy and wealth can do it. It would probably be as great a mistake to exalt "Barney" to the position of a demi-god as to regard him as a charlatan; but, in their present temper, speculative investors do not appear to be able to see the possibility of a happy medium.

It was on Mr. Barnato's name and reputation that the shares of the Barnato Bank were run up to the enormous premium. As he has consistently asserted, he does not lightly pledge these, and he has given substantial evidence of his *bona fides* by voluntarily throwing in among the assets of the bank stocks worth a million pounds more than what was originally arranged. The announcement of this was made in



somewhat vain-glorious terms, but the occasion justified, perhaps, a little bombast about "the name I am proud to bear." Let him who can afford to make a present of a million pounds—or would do so if he could—throw the first stone.

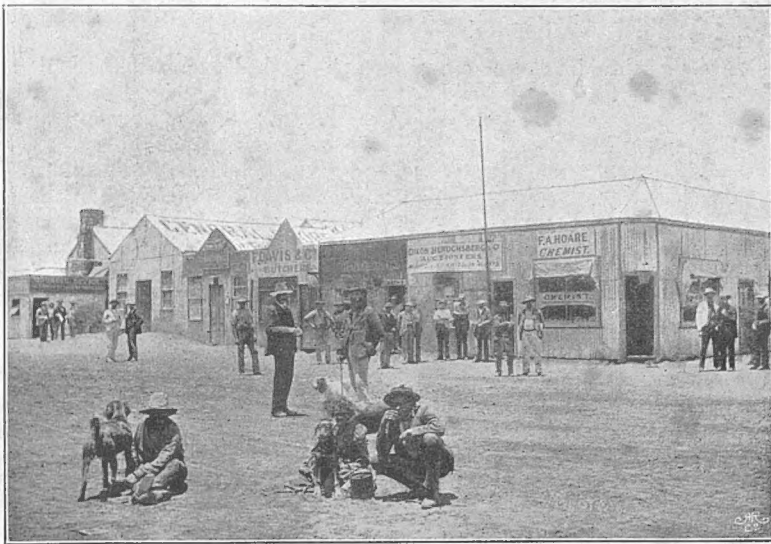
Counting in this *ex. gratia* addition to the bank's possessions, the present market value works out at a sum sufficient to pay back the capital with 20 per cent. added. It was curious to note how the market took this statement, which was regarded as the kernel of the situation. At first it was considered satisfactory, and the price of the shares advanced. Then, on reflection, various considerations came to the front. It was argued by Mr. Barnato's critics that it would be impossible to sell the big blocks held by the company at anything like current prices, and that, of course, was quite true. They reflected also—and took care to point out—that, as only about a third of the bank's capital had been placed on the market, the situation was entirely under the control of Mr. Barnato and his associates, who have the controlling interest. They pointed out that the present price of the shares represents more than their breaking-up value as described by Mr. Barnato himself. All these arguments are cogent, and they served to damp somewhat the enthusiasm created by the frank and plucky speech at the meeting.

These considerations bring us back to what the hero of the piece himself brings to the front as the main point—his own reputation and *amour propre*. The critics either forget, or, at all events, ignore the facts that he has always loyally backed up his own promotions; that when the shares of his bank were being thrown on the market with a scare, he gave *carte blanche* orders to buy all that were offered; that he did not, like some others, hesitate to lend on his own stocks; that he has spoken out freely as to the holdings of the Barnato Bank; that he has publicly promised not to use his votes against a majority of the independent shareholders in the questions now at issue; that he voluntarily handed over, as a present, securities representing a great fortune, in order to sustain the credit and the reputation of the bank—and his own; that he has pledged himself to devote his energy and experience to furthering the interests of those companies which he has fathered. More he could hardly do.

There are two plain questions which want an answer, and which Mr. Barnato ought, at least, to have no doubt about answering. The first is: Of what the company's holding in each of the concerns named by him consists? And the second: What was paid for each holding? With these two facts boldly stated, all uncertainty about the value of the shares would be set at rest.

#### WEST AUSTRALIA.

We said last week that there was a prospect of considerable improvement in this market, and the ink was hardly dry on the paper before that rise began. It is very unfortunate that we have to write on a Saturday



COOLGARDIE SHOPS.

By kind permission of Mr. H. S. Stoneham.

night, so that before our readers can take advantage of our information it is sometimes, to a large extent, discounted.

Among the shares which we expect to further improve we should put Hannan's Proprietary, the meeting of which on Jan. 28 is eagerly looked forward to by the whole market on account of Mr. Gray's expected speech. The accounts from Hannan's Reward, Menzies Estates, and Mount Margaret are all that could be desired, while on Thursday next the statutory meeting of Paddington Consols will be held, and the Chairman is sure to give an interesting account of the work done. We hope next week to have some more information about this company, which has always been a favourite of ours. We have been asked to say that Mr. Arthur Brown is resident manager of Menzies Golden Age, not Mr. Ballard, who has merely advised as to machinery.

#### A NEW BOOK.

"Dunsford's Stock Exchange Handbook for 1896," among the cheap and handy books which every investor should keep by him, is quite up to its old form. For people who want to select quiet and sound

investments, and to see the amount of fluctuation to which their security is likely to be subject, it is quite invaluable, and can be had for the modest sum of one shilling.

#### THE "TOUT" NUISANCE.

No sooner does a little improvement appear in markets than the outside "tout" begins to worry every person who has shares, or is even a householder, with circulars, in almost every case cram-full of lies. If our readers would only put into the waste-paper basket all such productions which reach them, unread, or remember that it is easy to print all sorts of untruths about success in the past, and, from a top-floor room in some main street, to head your paper with an attractive address, we should be spared many harrowing stories from correspondents. If, instead of prosecuting Marriage Agencies, the clients of which deserve to be fleeced, the police would turn their attention to some of the "touts" who rob innocent people with impunity, it would be a national benefit.

We do not love the methods of even such comparatively respectable outsiders as George Gregory and Co., but we advise our readers to avoid Heidelberg Gold Mines, Limited, which is being puffed by a certain Mr. A. Gregory, hailing from Moorgate Court, while Vancouver Six per Cent. Gas Bonds, which the same gentleman is, we hope vainly, endeavouring to get rid of, are, in our opinion, even more dangerous, because appealing to a different class of investors. Persons who are caught by Mining shares industriously puffed deserve more or less their fate, but the widow and the clergyman who take so-called gilt-edged investments and lose their money require quite as much protection.

Saturday, Jan. 18, 1896.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

TANGO.—We should hold Wentworth shares. The mine is patchy, but when rich ore is found it is something to talk about; and meanwhile, you will get a fair return on your money in the shape of dividend. We should not be afraid to buy more, but would rather distribute our risks.

W. M. H.—Yes, we think them a good buy.

F. H. L.—We wrote to you on Jan. 14, and hope you have got our letter. The solicitor whom we recommended will treat you fairly.

E.—We do not like United Alkali Ordinary shares; the concern was over-capitalised, and the Ordinary are "the tail of the horse." It is pretty certain that an arrangement has been made with the other chemical makers, and we should hold for the present, as, with improved trade and fair prices, the shares seem likely to improve.

H. G.—We have sent your letter to Mr. Goldmann.

HORE.—(1) Hannan's Reward. (2) Menzies Golden Age. (3) We expect Hannan's Proprietary will improve in anticipation of the statement which Mr. Gray will make on the 28th. (4) Bonanzas are quite good enough to buy. (5) We do not think you need be nervous about the Charter. The worst that can happen appears to be that the Company will not be allowed to keep an armed force, but that would probably be a good thing.

INQUISITIVE.—The Humber Cycle Company is the most important, or one of the most important, manufacturing bicycle companies in England, and the company's products command a higher price than almost any other make. To ride a Humber is a mark of riding the highest-class cycle. The company is full of work, and said to be making very large profits. The shares are about twenty-one shillings, and a general tip for a rise. We cannot, in an answer, discuss the prospects of the Chartered Company. If you are game for a gamble, you might buy, but we would rather purchase Barnato Consols, or good Mining shares like Bonanzas or Knight's.

F. J. C. B.—We have written you, with the names of the dealers in lottery bonds, and thank you for your prompt reply.

Mrs. L.—We answered your letter on the 16th instant. In the haste of writing we said Cordoba and Rosario (Northern section) Income bonds. It should have been, of course, Cordoba Central (Northern section) Income bonds. Add Argentine Great Western Second Debenture stock to our list.

J. M.—Thank you for your letter. We always try to give correspondents all the information at our disposal, whether good or bad.

R. M. S. BLENNHEIM.—We are not in love with any of your list, although perhaps No. 3 is a fair speculation. If the African Market takes a spurt the shares you name might rise with the rest, but there are, in our humble opinion, many better speculations.

J. W. M.—We wrote to you on the 17th inst. The delay in answering was caused by our desiring to make inquiries in the market, so as to give you reliable information.

EMILY F. AND J. C. N.—We wrote to you on the 17th in answer to your questions. You may rely on the information, as in each case it comes from people behind the scenes.

HAMPSTEAD.—We suggest (1) Imperial Continental Gas; (2) London and North-Eastern Ordinary; (3) City of Wellington or Christchurch long-dated 6 per cent. bonds; (4) New York Brewery 6 per cent. debentures. Distribute your money among these in about equal proportions.

BIKE.—There is a local and limited market for bicycle companies' shares in most cases. If you want a cheap "shot" which might come off, buy Beeson Tyre Company's shares at two shillings. We hear the company is benefitting by the present "boom" in the trade. For investment, Humber and Dunlop shares. We would not buy Simpson Chain shares, but it is a matter of opinion, on which you had better consult an engineering expert.

J. N.—(1) It is quite possible you may not be fairly treated. (2) It is clear that if you sold the rights somebody is entitled to the interest or dividend, and you must send it to the broker who sold. It does not concern you what he does with it, nor does it seem to us that it matters to you when you sign the transfer to the buyer so long as you are paid at once. You should demand a cheque for the shares you have sold. If you had told us the name of the company and the name of the broker, we might have been able to explain the reasons for the delay. (3) Yes, the price is about 17s. 6d. for a 20s. share.

"OUT OF IT."—You have been unfortunate, but most of your things will probably improve. Hold all but Nos. 3 and 7, which are swindles. We would not deal with the "touts" you name at any price.

W. AND R.—The delay in distribution is a perfect scandal; but, on inquiry, we are told that the winding-up judge has not made up his mind as to whether the debenture-holders' money shall be spent on prosecuting the directors or (as they wish) distributed among them, and that, until the judge does make up his mind, it is impossible to pay anybody.

AFRICA.—(1) A swindle. (2) See *African Critic* of Jan. 18. (3) Very doubtful. You have been a victim of a touting firm, who have evidently palmed their rubbish off on you.